

DEC.
1997

2

UNPLUG THIS!

MAG

FREE!

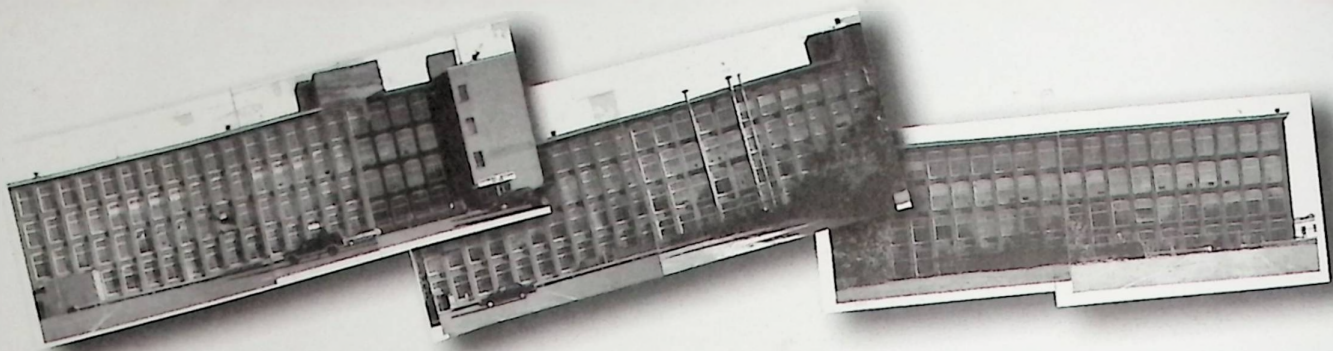
MUSIC

Preview of
GWAR Comic
by Mark Bode

Elvis: God
of Love?

Guide to Clubs
and Record Stores

Plus: Alcoholics, Drunk Stuntmen,
Captain Beefheart, and much, much more!



RIGHT NOW AT EASTWORKS
WE ARE PUTTING TOGETHER THE
HOTTEST NEW ADDRESS
FOR BUSINESS AND ARTISTS

COME SEE OUR AMAZING BUILDING

WWW.EASTWORKS.COM

OR VISIT OUR NEW WEBSITE AND TOUR EASTWORKS FROM HOME



OR COME AND TALK TO THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE ALREADY BECOME PART OF THE
EASTWORKS BUSINESS COMMUNITY AND

SEE HOW EASTWORKS CAN WORK FOR YOU!

*or call Will or Milt at 413-527-1000, ext. 200 or 400

VMAG



Cover A: Illustration by Mark Bode; colored by Rob.

Cover B: Photo of James Kochalka Superstar by Matthew Thorsen; colored by Rob.

VMag, Vol. 1, #2. Published monthly by CroMag Publications, Inc., POB 774, Northampton, MA 01061. E-mail: vcmag@aol.com. The entire package and design is copyright CroMag Publications, Inc., but all contributions are copyright the individual contributors. Any resemblance to individuals or institutions, living, dead or fictional, is entirely coincidental or done in good humor. No part of this publication may be reprinted or reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, unless when excerpted for review purposes. Printed by Star Press in Holyoke. Turn the page.

issue 2 / december 1997

THE MUSIC ISSUE

FEATURES:

- 4..... Puritan Boogie
by George Claxton
- 5..... Rock'n Roll Hotel, Part 1
by Jim Zalesky
- 5..... The Reinvigorated Valley
by Dave Burruto
- 8..... Local Independent Record Labels: A User's Guide
Compiled by Dave Burruto
- 10..... Oh Captain, My Captain
by Stephen R. Bissette
- 12..... P.F. Sloan: Still on the Eve of Destruction
Interviewed by Dave Burruto
- 14..... Elvis: God of Love, Puppet Master
by Punco Godyn
- 19..... Artist Portfolio: Mark Bode
Interviewed by Murphy

REVIEWS

- 16..... Top 5 Musicals, Musicians and Soundtrack Composers
by G. Michael Dobbs, Bill & Dana, Stephen R. Bissette
- 24..... Disc Reviews
by Stuart Bloomfield, Dave Burruto, Bill Moulage

COLUMNS

- 2..... Morsels Compiled by Bill Moulage
- 29..... Guilty Pleasures by Michael Charles Hill
- 30..... Weird Valley By Joseph A. Citro
- 32..... Day Trippers by Jane M. Falla
- 34..... The Nurse Is In by Jessica Berger
- 36..... Ask Mr. Smarty-Pants by Mr. Smarty-Pants
- 37..... Street Smarts by Roscoe

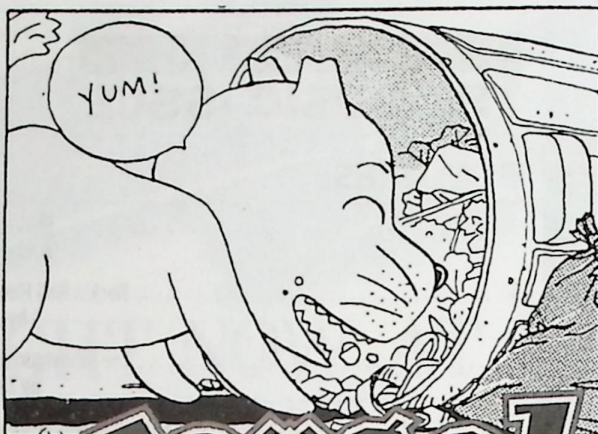
COMIX

- 38..... Stolen Momentos by Rick Veitch
- 40..... Life On Mars, Chapter 2 by Matt Mitchell
- 41..... The Winter in Lion by Gene Kane
- 41..... Magic Boy's Lunar Picnic by James Kochalka

GUIDES

- 8..... Valley Record Stores
- 24..... Clubs

illustration by Ben Spencer



Morsels

compiled by
Bill Moulage

"Dig if u will the picture: the first release by a major artist solely on the internet," announced the Artist formerly known as Prince on his Web site (www.love4oneanother.com) back in the summer (although this was only half-true: one could also order the release via telephone at 1-800-NEW FUNK). The plan was to release *Crystal Ball*, a four-CD live collection, only after 100,000 pre-orders were received. On September 30 the Artist... announced he was going to press the 100,000 copies based on 84,000 orders. Free from any record label contracts the Artist... is now in complete control of his song output (he says he has around 1,000 unreleased songs in his archives) and means of distribution. And profits. CDs cost around \$1.75 to make. *Crystal Ball* is selling for \$50 plus shipping.

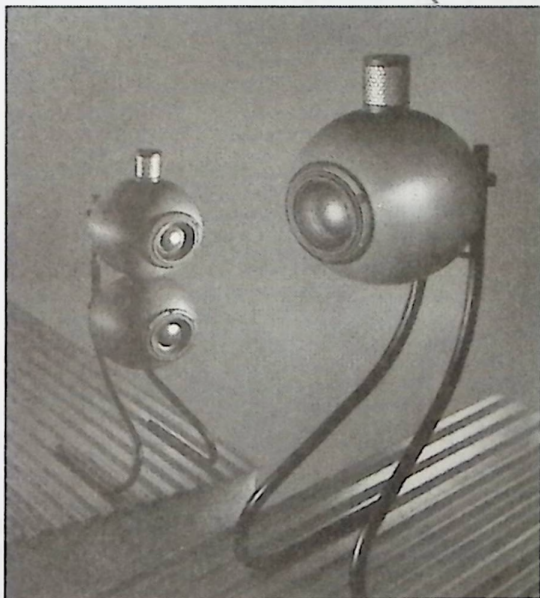
Says he: "This is the direct result of the Xperiment in truth -- no charts, no royalty disputes, no returns, no arguing over product placement, no singles and video budgets, no egos and, most of all, NO MIDDLEMEN." And, as Neil Strauss wrote in his New York Times 'Media' column recently, "And by using the telephone to distribute his album... the Artist is demonstrating that all along musicians have had the power to bypass record labels and, for perhaps the first time in their careers, be paid on time. They just have to be willing to set their sales goals a lot lower and their profit margin a lot higher."



Northampton's Jayce De Santis, engineer, producer, musician, has penned a new book, "How to Run a Recording Session." De Santis takes you step-by-step through the entire process of recording your own CD, high-tech know-how in low-tech terms. \$22.95 from MixBooks.

MARS ATTACKS, PART 2?

Uah, these are just spherical anodized aluminum Nucleus speakers made by the humans at Anthony Gallo Acoustics of Brooklyn (www.round-sound.com). Available in finishes of pewter, bronze, champagne or basic black, and starting around \$2495.



*Are you ready for
"Spice the Movie"?
Opening Christmas.*

From the label of Road Dog Ale:

"There is an ancient Celtic axiom that says 'Good people drink good beer.' Which is true, then as now. Just look around you in any public bar-room, and you will quickly see: Bad people drink bad beer. Think about it."

-- Hunter S. Thompson

Label art by Ralph Steadman. Brewed by Broadway Brewing for Flying Dog Brew Pub, Aspen, Colorado.



He likened the world to a
"kind of spiritual
kindergarten, where millions
of bewildered infants are
trying to spell God with
the wrong blocks."

- from the refrigerator of R. E.

Most people think of Puritans as the dour, drearily clothed, fun hating, killjoys who spent the entire 17th century smashing organs and chasing musicians from the church.

To some extent anti-music violence by church reformers was clearly a reality. Some Puritans did bully choirs into abandoning the sacred music typical of High Church Anglicanism, but the average nonconformist was by no means as severe or ascetic as is generally believed.

Judge Samuel Sewall, a Harvard educated minister and a leader in the Puritan community in New England, loved music, food and the company of attractive widows, many of whom he courted and at least two of whom he married.

Most important to our ends, however, is the fact that Sewall kept a fairly detailed diary of his life from 1674-1729. In that diary the good judge makes frequent references to his enjoyment of music and his disappointment when there was no such entertainment available at the gatherings he attended.

In his diary entry for 28 Sept. 1688 Sewall mentions being at a meeting aboard the yacht of the Duke of Albemarle with such luminaries as Cotton Mather, a preacher best known today for his treatise on witchcraft.

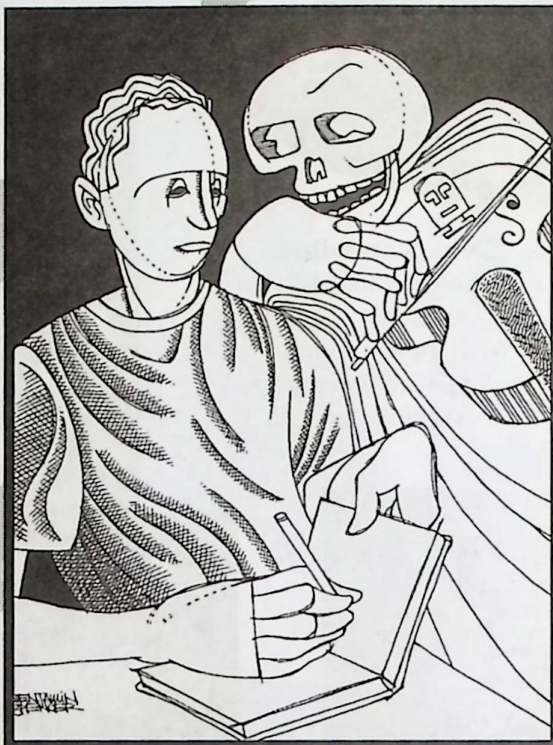
"Had sturgeon, wine, punch, musick," he writes, with obvious pleasure.

The following year, while on a visit to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, Sewall dined with friends at the Red Lion Inn at Petit Curie.

"Had a leg mutton, boiled, and colly-flowers, carrets, roasted fowls, and a dish of pease. Three musicians came in, two harps and a violin and gave us musick," he wrote.

Sewall was not content just to listen to music, however, and frequently sang with his friends.

"Rode in the coach to Muddy-River and in the new Room with the widow Gates and her daughter Sparhawk,



Puritan BOOGIE

By GEORGE W.
CLAXTON

sung the 114th Psalm," he wrote on 11 May 1698.

Psalm singing was without question the most common form of musical expression among the Puritans. Sung, for the most part, in acappella settings it was the only form of sacred music allowed in many churches in the commonwealth.

According to some sources, Psalmody was the first type of formal music brought to New England in printed form. Among the Plymouth settlers the standard source of Psalms was a Psalter published by Henry Ainsworth in Amsterdam in 1612.

The Ainsworth Psalter contained

the standard English Psalms and the more somber versions of French and Dutch settings. Some of the non-English Psalm settings were considered too lively for the Plymouth settlers.

The Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay Colony generally used a Psalter developed by Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins and it was this version of the Psalms that became the Massachusetts standard after they merged with the Plymouth Colony. According to some musical historians, a new translation of the Sternhold Psalter, published in 1640, was the first book printed in the English colonies of North America. Known as the Bay Psalm book the new Psalter was so popular that it was published in nine different editions in the 18th century alone.

Some scholars have held that the musical abilities of the Puritans, perhaps from the rigors of living at the edge of the wilderness, deteriorated considerably through time. By the early 18th century the practice of "lining out," in which a deacon or officer of the church read each line of the Psalm before it was sung, had, according to musical historians, added greatly to the loss of musical quality.

In the early 1700s some Harvard educated clergymen considered the moribund tempo, lack of precision in both pitch and rhythm, and bizarre embellishment typical of Puritan church music in the first part of the 18th century to be "hideous and disorderly" and desperately in need of reform.

The reforms demanded by the Harvard clergy may have been the impetus for the rise of choral societies and church choirs in New England in the middle of the 1700s.

At any rate the reform movement and the increasing secularization of society made music and the making of music in public more and more acceptable and in some ways culminated in the first New England music festival at King's Chapel, Boston, on Jan 10, 1786.

By Jim Zalesky

"This story for the first time unravels for the public the aberrant behavior of Mal Thursday and the tragic night Unband fans 'creepy crawled' the Bay State and the events that followed." -VMAG

12:30 a.m., April 10 1994. Two Northampton Police Department officers enter the back room of the Bay State Hotel during a plain clothes detail in the downtown area of Northampton. They find a live punk rock band playing and observe the drummer, well-hung, Caucasian, probably in his twenties, on stage wearing no clothing. The 80+ are very rowdy and engaged in 'slam dancing.' The officers decide that the smartest thing to do about the situation is nothing. They decide any police involvement could cause serious problems for both the crowd and themselves. The officers go outside to the adjacent parking lot. From that location the officers easily see the naked drummer through a bay window. At 1:00 a.m. the band stops playing. One of the band members, Caucasian, probably in his twenties, chooses to drop his pants and exposes his buttocks to everyone standing outside the bar. The officers acknowledge this act and the subject does it again. The name of the band playing is found to be 'The Unband.' The Bay State's booking agent at that time was Mal Thursday and...well, a story like this can only be told from Day One.

The Bay State is a four story hotel, actually a boarding house, sitting on Strong Ave. in Northampton, Massachusetts. It shares a narrow alley with a taller building known as Pearl Street Night Club and abuts a parking lot on its other side. The Bay State's entrance leads into the front dining room. A bar stretches along the right side wall. To the left of the bar is a dining area furnished with tables and chairs. Straight ahead is an entrance that leads into the back dining room. The front half of this room is empty space and the back half is furnished with booths. The edifice was built in the late 1800's as the Commercial House. Soon, after a transfer of ownership, the Commercial House became known as The Bay State Hotel. One hundred years later the Bay State would rock.



The Baystate Hotel
(illustration by Ben Spencer)

In December of '92 Sheehan's Cafe closed its doors on Pleasant St. in Northampton. An upscale women's clothing store now occupies its space. It was the only bar in town at the time that booked local bands weekly. Within a month of its closing Mal Thursday made an agreement with the Bay State's

The Reinvigorated Valley

by Dave Burruto

A year and a half ago the Valley music scene hit a mid-decade lull, especially in its epicenter Northampton. Several venues closed their doors or ceased to host live music and the biggest annual music festival, The Loud Music Festival, left town for greener pastures in the Eastern part of the state. To make matters worse perennial area bands like Cameron's Way broke up and solo performers like Amy Fairchild left town. Nationally, "Alternative" music had, and has, reached a plateau and begun to decline, at least in terms of album and ticket sales. Despite the seeming descent into oblivion the Valley always maintained a large pool of creative and talented people many of whom have contributed to a reinvigorated Valley music scene.

Since last spring many small venues have opened up and now host all sorts of live, and original, music. In the North country the Thunder Lodge Cafe in Bernardston now provides a venue for artists at the top of the state. The People's Pint in Greenfield has opened on the sight of the old Green River Cafe and has quickly become the epicenter of the Greenfield area scene. In Hampshire County the Amherst Brewing Company in Amherst, Silent Cal's in Northampton, and a host of coffeehouses in the area have filled the gaps of the Grotto and the former club Katina's. In Springfield Worthington Street has come alive with many venues actively hosting live music.

ROCK'N ROLL

H O T E part 1 L

The Musicians Unity Supporting Innovative Creativity (M.U.S.I.C.) coalition, also in Springfield, has gathered together many area artists in order to collectively promote each other and their scene. While only a year and a half old the coalition will soon release its second compilation CD showcasing many Springfield area bands.

There are also new record labels in the area including Crazy Man Records run by Zuess of area bands Doom Nation and Pushbutton Warfare, and Sike Records run by Scott Lee of Pearl Street and Colorfest Productions. Lee also organizes The Really Loud Music Festival, the indigenous successor to the Loud Music Festival. Even in print media VMag has stepped up to the plate adding a new venue for local talents to receive regular coverage. (Had to add that.)

Festivals in the area also continue to flourish, namely the Green River Music & Hot Air Balloon Festival held every July on the grounds of Greenfield Community College. This past summer's festival included ten local and national acts including Valley giants Stash and Trailer Park. Both bands are representative of the new wave of groups quickly filling the role of area magnets. Bands such as Ellen Cross, Hospital, the Stone Coyotes, and The Marshes, among others, are beginning to define a new post-alternative Valley sound.

Music is the *raison d'être* for many people in the area and despite a temporary downturn in activity those same people have responded in a way they always have; by making music happen. While the Valley may not be experiencing a full-blown renaissance there is a sort of re-birth going on. New bands, new venues, and new media are all contributing to a healthy and vigorous music scene that just seems to keep getting better.

owner Ron Sarazin to book bands in the back dining room. (Previously in '92 Thursday was allowed to use the dining room as a Saturday night venue for his Bay State Cabaret series, funded by the Northampton Council for Arts. "It started out as a variety show with comedians and spoken word acts but after the first or second show it went strictly music. It was a bar, I figured let it rock," said Thursday recalling the real need to provide an alternative music venue.)

"In terms of underground bands, Sheehan's, and as muchas I loved Sheehan's, their booking policy wasn't all that adventurous. They were booking the same three or four bands," said Thursday.

In January of '93, in his second Bay State Cabaret venture, which was no longer funded by the Northampton Council for Arts, Thursday had booked four bands for one weekday night show. The day before the show underground rock band Sebadoh approached Thursday wanting to play the night of the already packed bill. So Thursday packed Sebadoh onto the bill and hung a few fliers around town. The night of the show 180 people packed into the Bay State. The money collected at the door was divided equally between the bands. Also, Thursday knew the show made a lot of money for the bar. Thursday was hired by Sarazin for an almost handsome salary to book bands nightly. After a while he was booking four to five shows a week. (Monday nights at the Bay State belonged, and still does, to blues guitarist Ed Vadas. He arranged with Sarazin to play the blues on Monday nights after his Monday blues night at Sheehan's Cafe was displaced when it closed.)



Matt Hunter of New Radiant Storm King, Christine Brown and Mal Thursday (photo by Bern)

Thursday said he did the Bay State billing at the right time; catching a lot of bands on their way up, before they priced themselves out of the reach of the tiny venue. He booked 100's if not 1000's of local and national bands from '93 through '95 including: The Figgs, New Bomb Turks, Jad Fair, Faine Jade, Love with Arthur Lee, Harvey, Sid Fischer, Eugene Chadborne, The Grifters, The Unsane, The Pajama Slave Dancers, Steve Westfield's Slow Band, The Big Bad Bollocks, Blood Oranges, The

Unband, Mother Holly, Lyres,

The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black, Superdrag, Flat Duo Jets, Prison Shake, Chesterfield Kings, Royal Trux, Morphine, DieselMeat, New Radiant Storm King, King Kong, Scud Mountain Boys, and Pansy Division. The Bay State was local musicians' bread and butter. Angry Johnny and The Killbillies never had the respect from other clubs in town until they drew a big following at the Bay State. The Unband came into their own there, attracting a loyal fan base that would eventually pack the Bay State whenever they played a show.

"I tried to do a lot of good for a lot of bands. I did my best to get what I thought were the best bands traveling through and put on a good program of rock and roll every time. It was worth the three or four dollars to get in," said Thursday, "and the cover charge was always negotiable."

In the fall of '92 Billboard Magazine published a small front page article that said the Northampton music scene was the new Seattle. Although there was a good local music scene in town at the time and a lot of good non-regional acts passing through, the article was a misnomer. In reality, the article was the by-product of a misguided publicity barrage by the owner of the local label JAMA



DISC, Dave Beaupre, a.k.a Dave Holland, a.k.a. Dave Blowhair. Beaupre was sending JAMA Disc promotional material to Billboard Magazine and dropping names of bands that formed in Western Massachusetts that were making a national name for themselves, like: The Pixies, Buffalo Tom, Dinosaur Jr., and Sebadoh. Each of these bands had played a show or two at one of the local five colleges or a local big venue club but they did not constitute "a scene." His interest was not to help nurture a viable music scene but to promote his label and his musical project Oat Pearl.

During the first half of his tenure at the Bay State Thursday said his shows attracted a lot of curiosity seekers. "Back then people payed a lot more attention to the bands. People would stand in front of bands craning their necks to get a look of what was going on. There was a sense that something was happening at the Bay State and maybe people were thinking that these bands might be the next big thing," said Thursday.

The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black, a N.Y.C. band that incorporated body paint and costumes into their rock act, thought the Bay State was called the Bay State Theatre. When they arrived they thought in no certain terms, "what the hell is this." The band hung-out in Mike Rufino's room, the bassist for the Unband who was a regular resident at the Bay State during the first half of Thursday's reign, before the show. During the show members of T.V.H.C.B. ran up to Mike's room for costume and make-up changes. After the show they used the shower shared by all the residents of Mike's floor to wash off the body paint. After the band played they thought the Bay State was a cool place, although owner Sarazin is said to have blown a gasket when he saw the multi-colored body paint stains in the bathroom.

Thursday gave The Unband and Mother Holly some Wednesday shows. At first Thursday did not know that The Unband was a genuine band. "I didn't know they were such a 'for-real' band. I thought it was just Mike from upstairs and a loose assemblage of musicians," said Thursday, "but when I witnessed their live show I was pleased to discover that not only could they rock, but they put out more energy than any other band around."

With Rufino esconced in his second floor room at the hotel, and The Unband's legion of fans jamming into the tiny back dining room to see them play, the Bay State developed a club house feel for The Unband and its minions.

(In the next issue of VMAG (available mid-December) read about the end of Mal Thursday's reign of terror at the Bay State and the The Unband's banishment from the Rock'n Roll Hotel.)



**I feel like
I'm gonna explode!**

Little Johnny is dangerously excited, and only you millions of others, he is filled with "unfocused ner" this condition can only lead to trouble. Thankfully of "stimulating graphic design" you can give Johnny something POSITIVE to FOCUS ON! Do your part and CA

CORPORATE ID - LOGOS - ADVERTISING - PACKAGING - BROCHURES
STIMULATING GRAPHIC DESIGN from
ROBERT ENGMAN GRAPHIC DESIGN • 413.527.8046

PRINTSHACK

Get with it!

Your source for
high quality
promotional and
business
printing.

CD Insert Cards

Cassette Inserts

Posters/Flyers

Printed T-shirts

Almost Everything

586-
7133

586-7133

VALLEY RECORD STORES

A SIDE MUSIC CO.

54 Island Pond Rd., Springfield 783-3212

ABOUT MUSIC

298 Main St., Greenfield 772-6767

B-SIDE RECORDS

Main St., Northampton 586-9556

CMC MUSIC

24 Cottage St., Easthampton 527-2755

DISCOVERIES

1 Roundhouse Plaza, Northampton
582-9908

DYNAMITE RECORDS

150 Main St., Northampton 584-1580

ECSTATIC YOD

MILL OUTLET

440 Greenfield Rd., Montague 367-2625

ELPALACIO MUSICAL

894 Main St., Springfield 827-7505

FOR THE RECORD

104 N. Pleasant St., Amherst 256-6134

JLM CASSETTES & CDs

463 Breckwood Blvd., Springfield
783-9242

MAIN MUSIC SHOP

1228 Main St., Springfield 739-9092

MEDIA PLAY

341 Russell St., Hadley 582-0410

MERIDIAN'S MUSIC

19 Elliot St., Brattleboro (802) 258-9050

THE MUSIC CENTER

5 Taylor St., Springfield 746-9240

MUSICLAND

Hampshire Mall, Hadley 586-2837

LOCAL INDEPENDENT RECORD LABELS: A USER'S GUIDE

Compiled by Dave Burruto

In addition to the many area bands, the Valley is also host to numerous independent record labels.

Veteran labels like Chunk Records have supported local musicians for more than a decade while other newer labels like Red Hot Records have only recently begun to show their colors. Below are previews of just a few local labels (if we missed you let us know). We asked the representatives of each of the labels to tell us what purpose their label serves in the community and what they do in the Valley music scene.

CHUNK RECORDS



Contact: Mal Thursday

Phone: 413-582-9977

Fax: 413-529-1831

Signed Bands: Tizzy, Drunk Stuntmen, Humbert. Ray Mason Band. Has released records by New Radiant Storm King, Silver Jews, Guided by Voices, Sebadoh, Steve Westfield, DMZ, and Scud Mountain Boys

Compilations: Hotel Massachusetts

Upcoming: Drunk Stuntmen, Chunk's Greatest Hits CD

Founded: 1986

Mal: "To make available world-wide nice little slabs of regional, local music and expose worthy rock 'n roll artists to an audience beyond Northampton. To provide an alternative to the hungry maw of corporate rock. To help bands whose music I admire. To put out good songs."

CRAZY MAN RECORDS

Contact: Zuess

Address: Market Street,

Northampton, MA
01060

Signed Bands:
Pushbutton Warfare

Founded: 1997

Zuess: "To put out local bands and to make sure that they don't get ripped off."

NOHO RECORDS

Contact: Scott Lagon

Signed Bands: Adam Rothberg & The Modine Bubble Band, The Lennons, Rick Hoffman, Kate O'Connor, Scuba, Tripp O'Dometer

Compilations:
Noho Record
Sampler 1 & 2

Upcoming: More compilations

Founded: 1994

Scott: "We deal with college-oriented music and try to get exposure for bands we like. I think we are the only area label that serves the pop alternative side."

PINEHURST RECORDS

Contact: Rikk Degres

Address: PO Box 10446, Holyoke,
MA 01041

Signed Bands: Mary's First, Lascivious, Someone's Land Blues, Symphonic Rage, Donut Kings, O2TANGO, Mr. Pickle, Kelly, Mike Simmons, Question Sanity, p. w. b-rano, Wrong Answer, Plastic Grass, Primitive Ink, DIM, Sauce, Hypnotic Kick, Dying Breed, Shoot The Dancing Bear, Wild Bill's Party Animal Band, The artist formally known as Chic McKnickNix

Compilations: M. U.
S. I. C. Volumes One &
Two (affiliated with M.
U. S. I. C. coalition)

Upcoming: More
compilations and the
next Donut Kings
record sometime soon



Founded: 1986

Rikk: "To put out essentially local band demos on CD. We just put out stuff we like."

RED HOT RECORDS

Contact: Aimee Swift/Amy Greene

Address: PO Box 732

Northampton, MA 01061

E-mail: redhot@javanet.com



Web Site:

www.javavnet.com/~redhot

Signed Bands: Pirate Jenny, Diana Davies

Compilations: Live in the Living Room, 1995

Founded: 1995

Aimee: "I think Red Hot is just meant to be a community service, non-profit label. Our main goal at Red Hot is to encourage interest and participation in the Northampton Area music scene and to support local bands in their endeavors and to reach an audience for their music."

SIGNATURE SOUNDS RECORDING COMPANY

Contact: Jim Olsen

Phone: 1-800-694-5354/



413-665-4036

Fax: 413-665-9036

Address: PO Box 106, Whately, MA 01043

E-mail: info@signature-sounds.com

WebSite: www.signature-sounds.com

Signed Bands: Salamander Crossing, Jim Henry, Peter Lehdorf, Peter Nelson, Maria Sangiolo, Louise Taylor, Erica Wheeler, John Sheldon, Deb Pasternak.

Compilations: "Live at the Iron Horse"

Upcoming: New Quetzal, Salamander Crossing release in April.

Founded: 1995

Jim: "The Valley has become a hot bed for folk acoustic music. Signature Sounds was started to give local musicians a nationally distributed and promoted label dedicated to this music."

SIKE RECORDS



Contact: Scott Lee

Address: Sike Records, 553 Cooly Street, Springfield, MA 01128 or POB 1054, Holyoke, MA 01041-2104

Phone: 413-783-8202

Fax: 413-582-4267

E-mail: Sike@wwpro.com

Web Site: www.wwpro.com/sike

Signed Bands: Knuckle Sandwich, Hallraker, Johnny Too Bad & The Strikeouts, One Ton Shotgun, The Marshes, Hypnotick Kick, Nigel Six, and Sweet 16.

Upcoming: Johnny Too Bad & The Strikeouts, The Marshes, Hallraker 7", Big compilation, Money Penny full length record sometime soon.

Founded: 1992

Scott: "The purpose of Sike Records is to get local musicians and the underground scene known, and to put their stuff out and give them something they can be proud of. Somewhere from hardcore, punk rock, ska, alternative rock, metal."

NEWBURY COMICS

50 Main St., Amherst 256-8840

PLATTERPUS RECORDS

Little River Plaza, Westfield 562-0883

RAGGA REGGAE

159 Boston Rd., Springfield 796-7226

RAP CITY RECORDS

101 Main St., Brattleboro (802) 254-2333

RECORD EXPRESS

Riverdale Shops, W. Springfield

731-7640

RECORD TOWN:

238 Main St., Greenfield 773-3600

Eastfield Mall, Springfield 543-2030

RECORD WAREHOUSE

62 Elliot St., Brattleboro (802) 254-5700

SONIDO MUSICAL

331 High St., Holyoke 532-4116

STRAWBERRIES:

470 N. Main St., East Longmeadow 525-4744

2275 Northampton Rd., Holyoke 536-2222

438 Russell St., Hadley 256-3160

TAPE WORLD

1655 Boston Rd., Springfield

543-8936

TURN IT UP!

5 Pleasant St., Northampton

582-1885

UPTOWN SOUNDS

874 State St., Springfield

731-6816

THE WALL:

The Fairfield Mall, Chicopee

593-5115

Holyoke Mall at Ingleside, Holyoke

532-0085

WAVES MUSIC

Holyoke Mall at Ingleside, Holyoke

538-5886

An Ode to Captain Beefheart, Daddy of Diddy Wah Dada

By Stephen R. Bissette

His name is Don Van Vleit, but we knew him as Captain Beefheart.

His voice was like none other in the rock pantheon. He could growl, snarl, bellow, and howl like Howling Wolf and Screamin' Jay Hawkins, his teen-years' heroes, but there was more, so much more. Beefheart could stretch his vocal chords to match saxophone wails barely audible to the human ear, or soften to an eerie, intimate whisper. There are stories of his remarkable eight-decibel range destroying microphones and sound equipment pushed beyond their limit, just as his music and lyrics pushed mid-1960s rock far beyond teen affections, folk protest, and growing countercultural obsessions with free love and psychedelia.

With bold, throbbing numbers like "Gimme Dat Harp," Beefheart asserted his reign ("don't blow pure joy/'til you wear this crown") over countless rock poseurs lending weight to their weightless music by proclaiming their collective r&b roots. Beefheart was one of the few with the real voice, harp, heart, and chops. His later "Floppy Boot Stomp" touched on deeper backwoods roots with its portrait of "a square dancin' farmer" literally stomping and shouting the devil back to hell.

There was no doubt that the Captain could do (and probably had done) the same.

"Well I was born in the desert, North from New Orleans..."

Born Don Vleit (the 'Van' came later) in Glendale, California in 1941, Don remained an only child. Childhood friend Frank Zappa recalled high-school drop-out Don would "just sit at home, listening to rhythm and blues records and scream at his mother to get him a Pepsi." Blossoming as a musician in the early 1960s, Van Vleit initially built Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band after r&b heroes like Howling Wolf, Muddy Waters, Johnny Lee Hooker, and Screamin' Jay Hawkins, playing local gigs at Elks' lodges, American Legion halls, country bars, and fairgrounds.

Recording opportunities followed, and the 1966 success of the AM Records single "Diddy Wah Diddy" was promising, but ended in the first of many blind alleys. "They had visions of us becoming...a pop band, which we were not," ex-Magic Band member Doug Moon

recalls, "and their efforts to make us into a pop band as opposed to a blues band was a disaster."

The Magic Band was already mutating. They were no longer a blues band. After a handful of singles, Beefheart recorded his first LPs, *Safe As Milk* (1967) and *Strictly Personal* (1968). This was a new kind of music, hammering blues, jazz, rock, beat poetry, and psychedelia into a fresh and somehow unnerving blend. The music was, at times, shamanistically primal, refusing to attach itself to the insistent heartbeat of 4/4 time, the factory-beat mantra all rock adhered to with religious fervor. "Rock and roll is a fixation [with the] 'momma heartbeat,'" Beefheart said, "I don't like hyp-

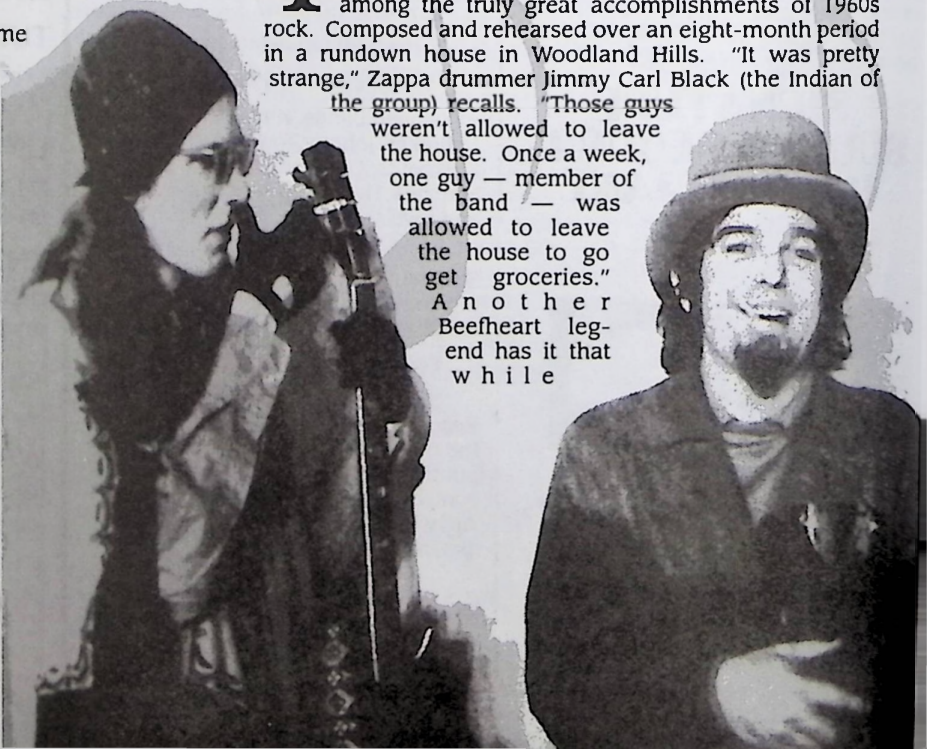
notics... I'm doing non-hyp-notic music to break up the catatonic state... I want things to change, like the patterns and shadows that fall from the sun." Beefheart and his Magic Band(s) carved out their own sonic landscapes, rubbing nerve endings raw with cacophonies adhering to the secret structures of the Captain's internal rhythms.

Devotees heard and responded to the Captain's call, while the uninitiated fled or simply stayed away. Thus, the Captain was simultaneously consigned to rock heaven and hell: elevated by a select few to the pantheons of the era's true greats, even as he was banished by the masses to oblivion.

"Music From the Other Side of the Fence"

Nothing could have prepared even diehard Beefheart listeners for his double-album magnum opus, *Trout Mask Replica* (1969), produced by Van Vleit's long-time friend Frank Zappa.

TROUT MASK REPLICa stands tall — and strange — among the truly great accomplishments of 1960s rock. Composed and rehearsed over an eight-month period in a rundown house in Woodland Hills. "It was pretty strange," Zappa drummer Jimmy Carl Black (the Indian of the group) recalls. "Those guys weren't allowed to leave the house. Once a week, one guy — member of the band — was allowed to leave the house to go get groceries." Another Beefheart legend has it that while



working on **Trout Mask**, Beefheart charged the services of a tree surgeon to the recording studio's budget, fearful that their music would knock the trees over. Working without money and precious little food (but, it is rumored, ample quantities of acid, taken in precisely escalating doses), the Magic Band labored intensively over Van Vleit's compositions. The performances were meticulously perfected, and the album itself was reportedly recorded in a single breathtaking four-and-a-half hour session.

Captain Beefheart and various incarnations of the Magic Band created nine more LPs in a dozen years. None of these ever sold significant numbers. By any standards, the Captain's music was weird shit. Through the years, a small but passionate core audience were drawn like flies — but mainstream success of any kind would forever elude the Captain.

On the eve of playing for the Monterey Pop Festival, the concert that helped put Joplin and Hendrix on the map and resurrected Otis Redding's career, Beefheart's bizarre behavior at a live rehearsal (during which Beefheart plunged off the back of the stage, falling ten feet and landing

on their current manager) drove away Magic Band guitarist Ry Cooder. Their potential big break at Monterey dissolved.

Years later, belated attempts to court "the mainstream" with **Unconditionally Guaranteed** and **Bluejeans & Moonbeams** (both 1974) were insufficiently alien, ultimately alienating devotees. The courtship was brief. Coupled with (according to Zappa) the cumulative effects of incompatible recording contracts Van Vleit had signed through the years, this knocked him off the turntables altogether for a time.

"Well, that goes to show you what a moon can do..."

A live tour with Zappa yielded the delightful **Bongo Fury** (1975), which found the Captain back in peak form. The inevitable friction that developed during the tour almost destroyed their longtime friendship; it was their final collaborative effort.

For many, Beefheart remains an



Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band

unwieldy and too-easily ignored aberration. If they mention Beefheart at all, revisionist rock histories are content to relegate the Captain to Zappa's shadow. Indeed, their lives and careers intertwined personally, professionally, and esthetically, but it is a mistake to lump them together as one. Their voices, their music, were occasionally in synch (on Zappa's **Hot Rats** and the previously mentioned **Bongo Fury**), and Zappa was the only producer capable of staying out of Beefheart's way long enough to nurture **Trout Mask Replica** during Van Vleit's most volatile creative burst. But the men and their music was light years apart — from the pack, and from each other.

In the end, Beefheart broke from Zappa's orbit and established his own trajectory. I remain a devout Zappa aficionado, but Zappa's considerable accomplishments seem almost conventional alongside Beefheart's playful Dadaist spirit and persistent, provocative turbulence. "Frank's good, but Beefheart's the real thing," Jimmy Carl Black concludes. "If you want to get avant garde, man, you're not going to find anybody that's going to get more avant garde than Captain Beefheart."

As Van Vleit's painting career gained momentum, a new Magic Band and contract with Virgin were forged, yielding Beefheart's final two albums, **Doc at the Radar Station** (1980) and **Ice Cream for Crow** (1982). Disenchanted with the music business and struggling with the early symptoms of a debilitating illness, Van Vleit chose to focus exclusively on his painting.

However invisible he remains in 1990s revivals and rock histories in various media, Beefheart has had a pervasive influence. He has achieved his own planetary mass. His distinctive voice and vision echoes in music (Tom Waits, Beck, P.J. Harvey, Pere Ubu). Movies (David Lynch), comics (Matt Groening, Rick Veitch, Rick Grimes), and art. He remains the premiere prankster, gleefully manipulating pigment, poetry, and music with the same gutsy associative abandon.

Don Van Vleit is still very much with us, but Captain Beefheart has moved on.

There has been no new music, only paintings and poetry. The rare recordings made available today are faint echoes of that rich, raw blue bellow. In 1996's **Pearls before swine/Ice cream for crows**, Van Vleit's voice is frail and willowy, strained by the evident effort it now requires him to form words.

The man who seized harmonicas from pretenders to stomp and bellow the devil back to hell now muses over his mortality in poems like "Fallin' Ditch." "Who's afraid of the spirit with the bluesferbones/Who's afraid of the fallin' ditch," he asks, asserting himself to his final breath,

"Fallin' ditch ain't gonna get my bones."

Oh Captain, My Captain, I miss you so.

P.F. Sloan

Still

on the

Eve of

Destruction

By Dave Burruto

Phil Sloan is a little known figure in the history of rock music but it is the history of rock music that is Phillip Sloan's life and career. Sloan entered the scene in the early stages of rock n' roll when in 1959, at the age of 13, he attended an open audition at a local record label in Los Angeles. His first leap into the music world was successful and he was awarded a record contract that his parents had to sign. Sloan, originally Schlein, was hired as a songwriter and he went on to pen songs for many of the biggest acts of the ensuing decade.

Phil Sloan wrote for several record labels and many, many different groups. His songs were career-makers for many bands and solo performers. Some of his more familiar work includes the 1965 No. 1 single "Eve of Destruction" performed by Barry McGuire, "Secret Agent Man" performed by Johnny Rivers, and "It's You Baby" performed by The Turtles. In fact Sloan penned many songs for Jan & Dean and literally helped to create the surf genre in the early 60s.

The littany of songs he penned through the 60s, the number of albums he performed and sang on, or the careers he helped to make are too numerous to conveniently list but suffice it to say P. F. Sloan contributed much to the cultural landscape.

In the latter half of the 60s Sloan did manage to produce several solo albums, none of which ever garnered for him the kind of success he provided others. Ironically, his early successes led to his early decline, and by 1972 he had released his last album, entitled **Raised On Records**, for a minor label. Still in his mid-twenties P. F. Sloan faced the very real prospect of slipping into obscurity.

In the succeeding decade, some of Sloan's material was re-issued by labels such as Rhino Records and One Way, but not since 1972 has Sloan himself released any new material. His meteoric rise ended in a slow and bitter retreat.

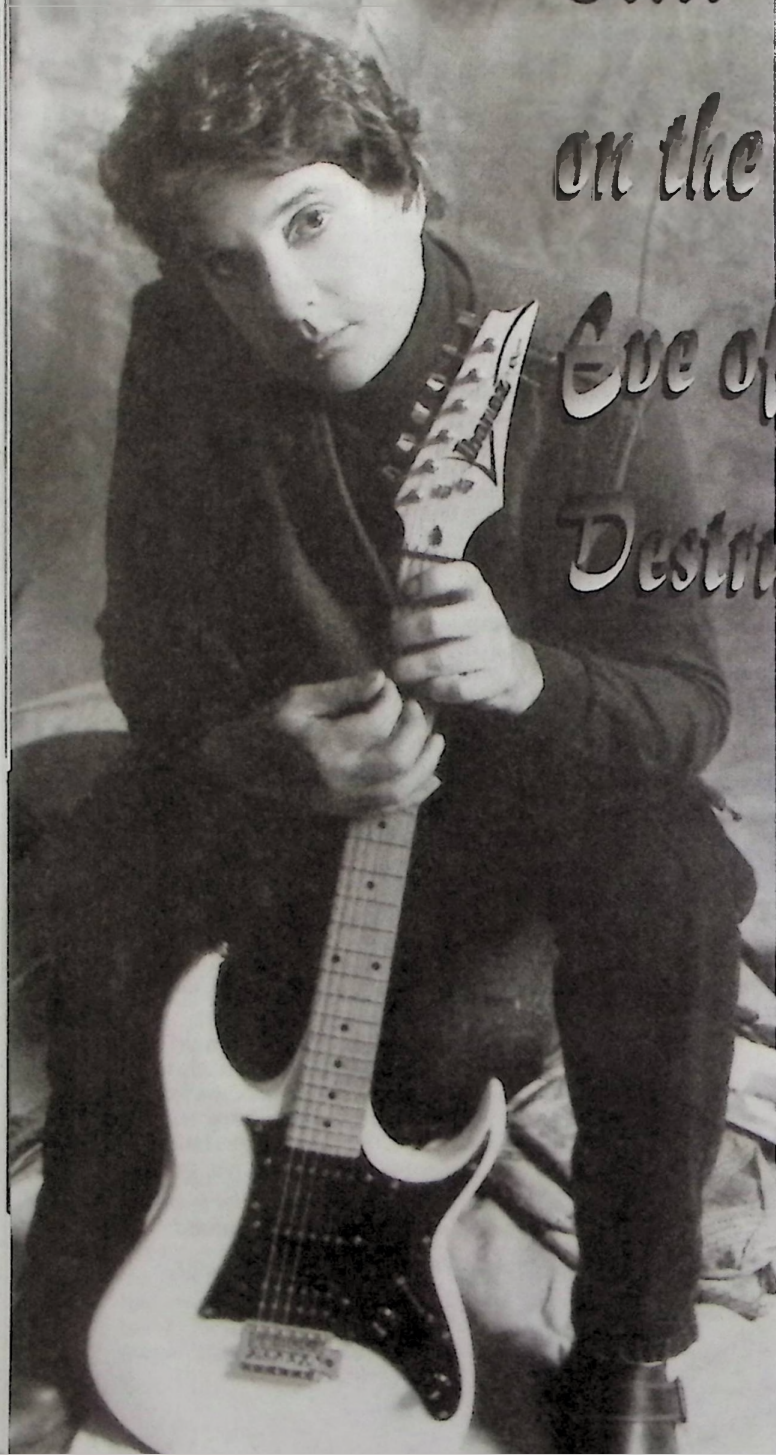
Now, a quarter century later, P. F. Sloan has found it possible once again to write and record and has released a new CD entitled (still on the) **Eve of Destruction** on All The Best Records. The ten song release includes eight new originals, a reprise of "(still on the) Eve of Destruction" and a rendition of "Secret Agent Man." His new songs are by and large upbeat pop tunes with the very usual themes of love, loss, and lessons learned. Other songs however, such as his new version of "(still on the) Eve of Destruction" and "Brothers in The Wind" carry cautionary messages regarding the environment and social values gone awry.

In a telephone interview conducted on October 2 from his home in Los Angeles P. F. Sloan shares his thoughts on his new album, his personal journey to return to the business that ultimately left him behind, and his view of America in the 90s.

Burruto: Well, my first question, real simply, is why now? Why release a new album now?

Sloan: Why not now? I think I'm ready to go out and make music now. Some kind of inner-fire got lit.

B: I was very curious about this sort of reprise of "(still on)





"The Eve of Destruction." It's a sort of a 90s version. It's got a very strong environmental message, let's put it that way. Timing-wise how does it relate to the original version?

S: Well with the first one there was, what, the assassination of the President and complete topsy-turvy turnaround in everyone's mind and hearts as to what to expect from the future. I don't know. I think in some ways things are in some way more stable than they were then. I think everyone accepts the negative as being the status quo. Don't you?

B: I was just wondering if the release of the song is timed particularly? The other one was very appropriately timed.

S: Well that was all God's work. That was all coincidence. There wasn't any interest in the song when I wrote it originally from the publishing company. And they certainly didn't do anything, to particularly make sure that it was, you know, like you would package a situation comedy show. It was just thrown out there. They didn't particularly care. They didn't particularly like the song.

B: So with the new version's environmental issue... is that a concern of yours?

S: Yeah. I think it's at the point where we all got satiated with, I know I did get satiated with, environmental issues. And then I got tired of being hit over the head by anti-environmentalists. Who knows? Maybe the time is right. I just know that I was compelled to write it and it was kind of a neat experience for me cause it's something that I didn't ever think I'd ever do. Or want to do.

B: The "Eve" is placed rather strangely, I think, in the mix. The rest of the songs are by and large of lighter fare, no?

S: Uh, yeah but since this is my first outing it's kind of curious as to what songs are there in the first place. I wasn't trying to make it homogenous in any way. But there is still a lot of things to learn. On the new versions that I've done, I've seemed to find the thread that's running through most of the album.

B: What would you say that thread is?

S: The need to be aware that there's a change going on here and that's it's going to be a big wave and if you're not ready for it you're going to go under it, and be ready for that. I think that what we're sensing out here in LA and from where I've been around the country is that there is a big change coming, and it's not just this millenium thing. That's just a surface thing. There's a boredom that's going to explode. And I was just trying to capture that in some way and to be able to bring it to the attention of some people.

B: So do you think we're in a parallel decade to the 50s maybe?

S: A lot of people have said that. I believe that we're going into the 60s. I feel like that's what it feels like on some level because there's so much denial of reality that's going on here.

B: Has your writing changed over the years?

S: It's about the same, but I see that it's expanded. I have more openings within my heart than I had before. So, perhaps there are less limitations for me, less expectations. There's definitely a very humanistic and spiritualistic vein that's running through all of those early works that I did. I'm not talking about the pop songs, but even they turned into that. Like "Secret Agent Man" turned into something a

lot bigger than what the song was supposed to have been. It's taken on aspects of a spiritual warrior kind of dimension. You know? Does that make any sense?

B: Sure. But do you mean culturally?

S: Yeah, in terms of culture, the idea of a secret agent man is not necessarily the one that is working in the cold war to gain secrets. It is more like this person who is working to gain secrets from within one's own heart. And you do that without having a name. Also, there is still that need deep down inside myself to be able to find the comfort and joy and bliss of being. And at the same time making peace with the world as it is. And seeing the good in it rather than seeing the negative of it. That's the challenge, that's the full time work on university Earth.

B: How long was the process for writing this new album?

S: It was definitely evolutionary. Most of the songs were recorded four years ago and then I've just sort of renewed them and rehabilitated them. And so I think the process is over now. It's been the longest process I've ever seen. The new songs that I'm writing are coming out very fast.

B: So now, with this album I guess you have achieved singer-songwriter status. Do you feel this is a high point of your career for you?

S: I think it's got potential to do that. I'm just taking it one day at a time. I'm not really sure what I'm supposed to accomplish. Cause I know that whatever I do isn't just for myself. But looking at what's happening to myself, I hope that's the case I really do. Again, it's sad about the state of having to categorize everything so tightly.

B: I think it's really a post-modern phenomenon. Maybe it's destroying the strong tendency to label. There is a total lack of the ability to.

S: Yeah, you have a good point. Well, if it holds true for myself it could appear it has been a struggle for a long while to just get to that, to be accepted at that level.

B: I mean, I've had discussions with other people in regards to the singer/songwriter conflict. I had a friend whose grandfather was a songwriter in the 50s. You know that song "Shrimp Boats"? Well, in his opinion, he thinks songs are better with the division of songwriters and performers.

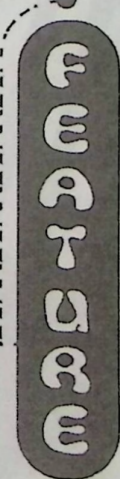
S: The Beatles and the Stones sort of blew that mentality out of the water. I'll tell you how it is. When there's a respect for the song... then the one that does it the best, with the best feeling that brings it across, there's that view that they're supposed to do the song. In that regard, any song that I ever wrote I always felt in competition with any other artist who's going to record it.

B: Have you enjoyed other people's versions of your songs?

S: Oh yeah, dozens.

B: Well I thank you for your time. I hope I haven't pushed too many buttons.

S: Oh the more the merrier, I don't have that many.



by Punco Godyn

"He is everything a woman wants: he's strong, brave, kind and, well, he does things . . ."

--Shelley Fabares

"You have a steak, and a pitcher of beer."

--Elvis, on the Perfect Wife

Nobody did things quite like the King. He did them big, he did them bad, and he did them loud. As we enter the second decade after the corpus Presli was taken from us, let's take a peek at the Mythos of the King.

There's a point when a film is so truly bad, so utterly lackluster, it reaches something in us. Stripped of the unnecessary burden of plot or original vision, the truly bad movie touches upon something entirely mythic. It can't help but siphon into our collective unconscious and pull out the glorious golden meat of our souls.

Elvis' movies certainly do this, and of them, *Spinout* (1966) is one of the tastiest. Let's take a look at one classic hunka burning celluloid, shall we?

TROUBLE IS A WOMAN

Spinout is a tale about race car driver/singer Mike McCoy (Elvis) who faces a choice among three Babes. The real point of the movie, however, is that Elvis is the god of Love . . .

We get started down the racetrack of love. Our young sun/love god is speeding through Santa Barbara in his gleaming chariot. He's minding his own business, perhaps thinking of some past Dionysian pleasures, when Shelley Fabares

Elvis: God of Love, Puppet Master

(Cynthia) feeds him a helping of dust with her little red sports car. She throws down the flushed apple of passion, as it were. She says "bye-bye," issuing the challenge to our proud love deity. He races to catch up with her, and gets dunked in a Santa Barbarian pond, emerging like Venus. Seems like he's been one-upped here, but he warns us who's really running the show, as he sings "Stop, Look, and Listen."

Even for a mortal, his band—"1 Plus 2 1/2"—looks a little motley. Elvis is of course the 1; the 2 are two indistinguishable boobs who play really neat looking guitars, and the 1/2 is "Les." She's the girl drummer, who sports a red Beate cut and wears pants. Les, short for Lester (whoa, baby!), is secretly in love with Elvis.

The band loads up in Elvis' 1929 Duesenberg to leave town. So, what's a young man like Elvis doing in such an old car? Or is he really much older than he's letting on? Perhaps hundreds of years older, eh? Anyhow, Rich Guy Howard Foxhugh shows up to try and get the Big E to race in his new funky car and perform for his perky daughter, who it turns out is Cynthia. Elvis speeds off, determined that no one will force him to become famous and settle down.

Are you with me? That's two girls so far, a couple of dweebs, and about three cars.

HIDING FROM THE MOON GODDESS IN A PUP TENT

Spinout, where it fails to have plot, throws in surreal set pieces. When Elvis and the gang settle down for a candlelight dinner in a scrubby campground outside of town, they set up these three pop-up pup tents, looking like something out of Liddsville. Apparently one of these three-foot wonders is for Elvis, one's for Lester, and the last is for the cohabiting and strangely presexual Jerry Lewis twins.

Lester, who's hoping to seduce Elvis with a gourmet meal, is foiled again, as Girl Number Three enters the picture. It seems our hero is under the watchful peeping of Diana St. Claire, a smutty researcher doing some field work for her book *The Perfect American Male*. "I seem to be bumping your binoculars," says the priapic pelvis god. He scans her prima vera green dress and concludes, "You're the goddess of the hunt, right?" he promptly seduces her with a song.

Here's the Choice:

1. Lester - A pants wearing, unisex hair styled girl-woman, confused about her own sexuality and role in a

Hey, sugah, why
don'tcha sit on mah
fa-er love seat...



"guy group." In matriarchal culture, she might be considered the maiden figure.

2. Cynthia - Developed and aware of her sexuality, she can be manipulative because of, or through, her wealthy father (perhaps a demigod himself: look at that chin on him!) She's our nymph.

3. Diana - The huntress, who appears in the forest glade at midnight. She knows what she wants, she's "experienced," and she may just use our hero and move on in her "research." She's the Mother/Crone character.

So we have three women, unfinished in their own fashion. Who will our sun god of electric music choose, while keeping the love-world in balance? Let's go back to the "plot": Rich Daddy has pulled enough strings to cancel Elvis' tour, and force him to perform for his daughter. Says Elvis' manager, "All the years I've been in the business, such a catastrophe I didn't see!" Oy vey! Diana announces that Elvis is the perfect male and she will marry him. This sends him off to sing to Cynthia, who, sitting in her banana-yellow dress, starts to sob. He's awakened something. He kisses her, and hears ominous wedding bells, foreboding tones of the sky-god summoning Apollo/Elvis into oblivion.

Still, Cynthia is a schemer, like her old man. And they, along with Daddy's young henchman, Philip (played by Warren Berlinger, who reminds me of an effeminate William Shatner), plot to get Elvis in the driver's seat of the IFox 5. Elvis gets kicked out of town, but he too has a plan.

THE PUPPET MASTER

After Elvis gets kicked out of town by Tracy, a helmeted cop who dabbles in gourmet cooking, the wheels really start to turn. No longer content with the charade as "singer" or "race car driver," Mike/Elvis/Byron/Adonis/etc. discloses his true form as God of Love. He bolts into Daddy's neighbors' house and sweet-talks the elderly couple into going on their second honeymoon, leaving him the house.

"You're not as old as you're behaving," he says seductively. The couple are soon off in his Duesenberg to, in the words of their butler "renew the ardor of their original nuptial vows."

Thus begins the First Orgy. Singing an invitation to his little "Beach Shack," Elvis cavorts with a bevy and a half of beauties. Cynthia crashes the party and announces she's going to marry Elvis. Aaugh! The circle is closing. Elvis' buddies, including his sexually ambiguous drummer, try to get his mind off girls by tricking him into falling for the Rich Guy's golden chariot. But even toy-mad Elvis understands "something's not kosher here." Then there's another orgy.

THE THREE AGES OF BABES

If there's any reason to watch *Spinout*, it's for the dancing in this second party sequence. Focus on the people in the background in particular. So many white people gesturing wildly, contracting and pulsing somewhere between the tortures of the damned and the raptures of the ecstatic. Spastics in powder-blue turtlenecks and laced halter tops.

It's a frenzy, and everybody's in a lather. Les appears her most sexually confused, and at one point exclaims "give me lots of girls and I'm one happy fella!" Yes, she's happy to see Elvis distracted, or is she simply overcome at the sight of her Beamaise-stirring partner in jackboots?

Les is about to fall apart when she discovers both Diana and Cynthia, with the narcoleptic Phillip in tow, have crashed the party. She peers at Diana, in her stunning white dress, and looks sadly down at her own aproned, child-woman form.

The flushed lip and cocked hip of Elvis continue to stir the pot, as he sings "Smorgasbord." He merely kisses a woman, and she writhes in a sax-accompanied fit-dance. And here's the Climax:

...god of love, puppet master and velvet masterpiece!

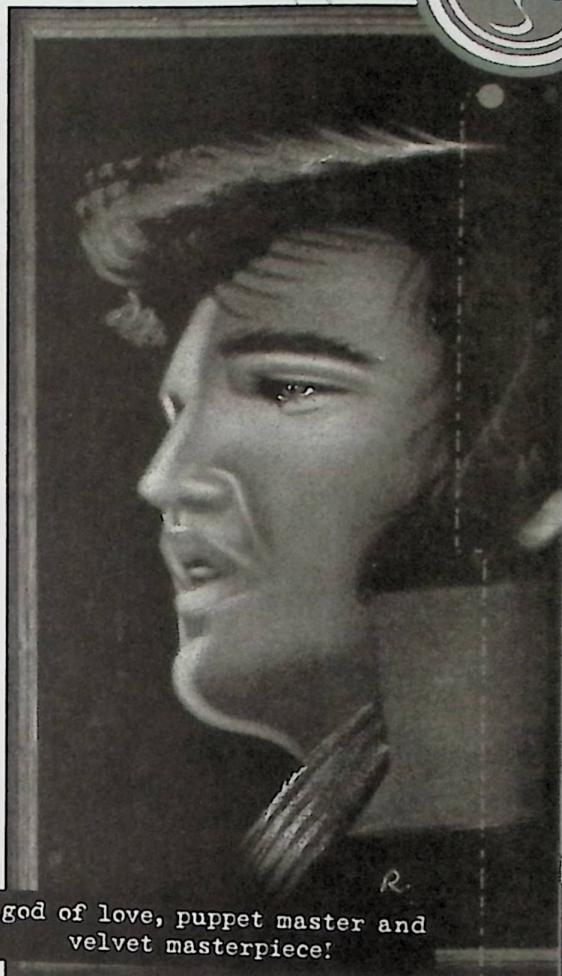
BAPTISED IN HIS KISSES

Les comes back, and she's wearing a dress! Not just a dress, but a red dress, allowing our love god to notice her shining face and incipient breasts. She literally stops the music. The child-woman has stopped the love god in his tracks. He even stops singing. "It's me, it had to be me," she says as he embraces her. But it isn't! It isn't her! Yes! This is where the whole thing was going, and it cheats you! But how?

Well, first, there's an interminable car race. Elvis wins the race, of course, but what of the Girls? HE MARRIES THEM ALL! He is the Puppet master! All along it was just a ruse!

There's a big wedding, and he gives each bride a great big kiss before passing them off to their respective mates. Les goes into ultimate bondage with the cop, Cynthia marries the fainting twerp, and Diana goes off with the wily Rich Guy. Elvis exits in a maroon velvet suit singing "I'll Be Back."

A sequel? Or a messianic promise?



WHEELS

top 5

MUSICALS, MUSICIANS and SOUNDTRACK COMPOSERS

5 Musicals Which G. Michael Dobbs Actually Enjoys

1 The Commitments...Alan Parker's adaptation of Roddy Doyle's novel is not only a dead-on look at the rise and fall of a band, but has the best covers a white band has ever done of classic soul and blues.

2 Forty-Second Street...A much better film than most people think, this look behind the scenes of a Broadway show marries Busby Berkley's insane musical numbers with a cynical Depression drama.

3 The Rocky Horror Picture Show...I like this clever parody a lot more when I don't have to clean up rice, toast, and puke at 2:00 a.m.

4 Cabaret...Nazis, sexual confusion, and the smell of decay make this Bob Fosse film a stand-out.

5 Singing In The Rain...The only MGM musical worth a damn. Gene Kelly is a god. Donald O'Connor and Debbie Reynolds are almost gods

BILL AND DANA: ... YOU KNOW THEY'VE GOTTA HELLUVA BAND.

Bill: Hey Dana? Is this eerie or what? We're supposed to talk about music and right now, as we write this, some California celebrity medical examiner is doing an autopsy on John Denver. Like Prometheus, he flew too

close to the sun, his wings melted and he plummeted, like one of his songs on the charts, into the angry sea. Either that or he was drunk as a Shriner. So, man, is this the real day the music died?

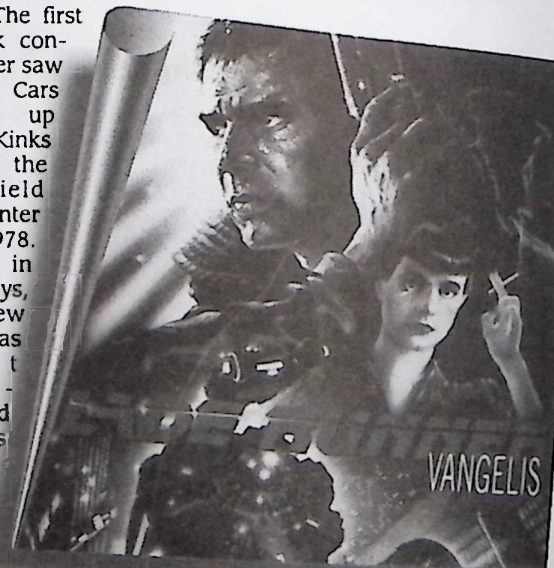
Dana: You insensitive lout! I guess they have to go back to the drawing board on that experimental plane of his, though. My first girlfriend, ever, liked John Denver. And James Taylor. We didn't last long.

B: Some patchouli oil, a bowl of buckwheat noodles and thou. OK. So what was the soundtrack of your formative years? Nena and "99 Luftballons?"

D: The first rock concert I ever saw was the Cars opening up for The Kinks at the Springfield Civic Center in 1978. Back in those days, the New Wave was just beginning and I was pursuing a surf-board.

B: Huh? Hm-m-m. The Cars. Now there's a live performance group if there ever was one. The Kinks on the other hand were pissed, intelligent and good. Always a good combination. Unlike those weeping wounds in Oasis. They're just pissed and that's just because their tattoos itch. My first concert was Tim Hardin and Tim Buckley at Tanglewood. They are both playing with John Denver in Rock 'N' Roll Heaven now... and I don't imagine they're all that happy about it.

D: Oh Yeah?... Who? Before my time, I guess. Were they long-haired, pot smoking, guitar noodling hippie types?



B: Yeah. You could say that. That would distinguish them from pogo-ing skinny-tied New Wave techno doiks. All of those burps looked like Chip and Ernie on *My Three Sons* or like every A/V simp whoever launched a frog in an Estes rocket. Hendrix, by the way is GOD.

D: I suppose you like The Grateful Dead, Peter, Paul and Mary, and Joan Baez. All those fuck-the-man types are running multi-million dollar corporations nowadays and voted for George Bush. Elvis Costello is Christ.

B: I'm with you on those sell-outs, brother-man. David Bowie is selling stock options for his act! Glam Rock, my spleen! Scam Rock is more like it. Nah. All the people I liked are dead or going. I tended to favor the perverts. The Fugs, Zappa, The Bonzo Dog (Doo-dah) Band and Captain Beefheart... those kind of guys. They would give David Byrne a wedgie and he would cry like a goat. A bleating big suited goat.

D: Shut up! Jerk! I hate you! David Byrne was responsible for the greatest concert film ever made, *Stop Making Sense* (directed by Jonathan Demme). It features The Talking Heads at their best. But don't pigeon-hole me, man. Don't pigeon-hole me! I like other stuff too!

B: Calm yourself, little storm cloud. Huff a popper why don't ya. The Talking Heads at their best. That's like saying Iggy Pop at his flabbiest. Let me put you wise, Grasshopper. The whole concept of performance film was introduced by D.A. Pennebaker's film on Bob Dylan's 1965 tour of England, *Don't Look Back*. To be followed by *Monterey Pop*. Then, of course, there was the concert film by which all others are measured: *Woodstock*. Nude muddy hippies and acid soaked noise. Then that was followed by the film featuring the Rolling Stones debacle at Altamonte by the Maysle brothers, *Gimme Shelter*. Surly hairy Angels murdering a fat nudist. The times... they changed.

D: Yeah, yeah, yeah. All dated 60's crud. Put away your Ben & Jerry's and try watching some of these flicks, Bill: *The Year Punk Broke*, *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle*, *This is Spinal Tap*, or *The Decline of Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years*. And if you can't escape the 60's, I recommend Oliver Stone's *The Doors*.

B: Well aren't you just the little grumpy rebel? All those movies are about dead guys. Kurt, Sid, lots of drummers, Gene Simmons (No. Wait. He's not dead—he just should be.) and Jim. Makes you think, though. Doesn't it? I mean, what with John Denver and all, Rock 'N' Roll Heaven must be pretty damn crowded. Rock 'N' Roll mass grave would be more like it. With Jimi fuzzing out his own distinctive cover of a funeral dirge (sniff).

D: And Johnny Thunder passing out before he can play a note.

The SCORE Score

By Stephen R. Bissette

If space permitted, I'd rhapsodize over film composers John Barry, Goblin, Carter Burwell, Michael Nyman, Howard Shore, Danny Elfman and others. Precious few of the current breed, however, measure up to the standards

established by the five listed alphabetically here:

1 Angelo Badalamenti: Blossoming during his collaborations with director David Lynch, Badalamenti's *Blue Velvet* (Varese Sarabande #VCD47277) was evocative but fairly conventional, hardly preparing audiences for the intoxicating ranges of *Twin Peaks* (Warner #9 26316-2) and its feature companion *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me* (Warner #9 45019-2). Spillover collaborations between Badalamenti and Lynch include two Julee Cruise albums (*Floating Into the Night* and *The Voice of Love*), one very bizarre performance piece, *Industrial Symphony No. 1: The Dreams of the Broken Hearted* (on Warner Home Video #38179-3), and the recent *Lost Highway* (my least favorite). The eclectic composer has also scored other visionary features (*The City of Lost Children*, etc.) and recently collaborated with Tim Booth on *Booth and the Bad Angel* (Mercury #314 526 852-2), all highly recommended.



Mary Badham spacing out to the soundtrack of *To Kill A Mockingbird*

2 Elmer Bernstein: Not to be confused with master conductor Leonard (who also composed scores, including *On The Waterfront* and *West Side Story*), at his best Elmer Bernstein is the Aaron Copeland of cinema. His most renowned work includes the archetypal 1960s western score for *The Magnificent Seven* (revamped to become the signature for Marlboro cigarette TV ads), *The Great Escape*, on through to *The River Runs Through It* and *Age of Innocence*, but to my mind his finest score was *To Kill a Mockingbird* (1962). This rich and profoundly moving slice of Americana was recently rerecorded by the maestro himself, complete with cues that didn't make the final cut of the film (Varese Sarabande #VSD-5754).

3 Bernard Herrmann: Perhaps the most shamelessly imitated of all film composers, Herrmann matched the bravado, bravery and vision of directors like Orson Welles and Alfred Hitchcock beat for beat, stroke for stroke, consistently forging a profound wedding of cinema and music. Herrmann also lent his considerable talents to many "lesser" but no less exciting productions, from the original *Cape Fear* and Ray Harryhausen's finest fantasy films to TV series like *The Twilight Zone*. A new generation of directors kept him busy until his death, yielding the brooding scores for Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*, Brian DePalma's *Sisters* and *Obsession*, and more. ANY Herrmann score is well worth owning and hearing time and time again, but be sure to get your hands on the originals

WEEKLY

and/or Herrmann's own recordings. Don't miss the primary Hitchcock trilogy: *Vertigo* (recently remastered on Varese Sarabande #VSD-5759), *North By Northwest* (Turner/Rhino #R272101), and *Psycho* (the Herrmann-conducted original score is only on vinyl, though a new Varese Sarabande CD features a newly-restored version conducted by Joel McNeely). Also worth tracking down is the excellent biography, *A Heart at Fire's Center: The Life and Music of Bernard Herrmann* by Steven C. Smith (1991, University of California Press).

4 **Krzysztof (Christopher) Komeda:** Jazz musician Komeda made his mark internationally scoring fellow Pole Roman Polanski's key 1960s features (except *Repulsion*), breaking into mainstream American theaters with his exquisite, haunting score for *Rosemary's Baby*. Sadly, Komeda died from complications following an untreated head injury in 1968, and his work has yet to be rediscovered. Precious little of it is available on vinyl or CD (though I'm told there are jazz recordings available from Poland), though recent remastered video and laserdisc releases of Polanski's early masterpieces may pique your interest. Komeda's playful, evocative and ominous choral arrangements for *The Fearless Vampire Killers* (1967, MGM/UA) is particularly recommended.

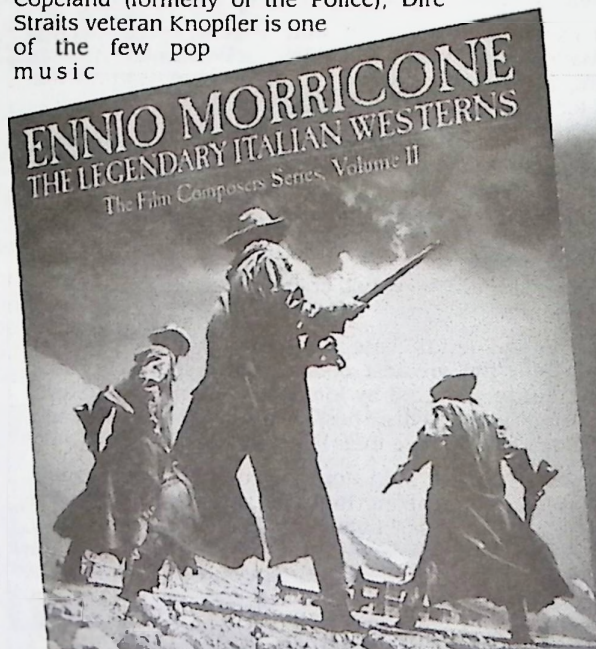
5 **Ennio Morricone:** Arguably the most inventive and prolific of all contemporary film composers, Morricone's vast body of work is readily available. Be selective, avoid the pop reorchestrations by lesser composer/conductors; original recordings only, please. His ground-breaking compositions for Sergio Leone's classic films are required listening: *A Fistful of Dollars*, *For a Few Dollars More* (both on Ennio Morricone: *The Legendary Italian Westerns*, BMG/RCA #9974-2-R), *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly* (Capital #48408), *Once Upon A Time In The West* (the finest of all: BMG/RCA #4736-2-R) *Duck, You Sucker* (aka *A Fistful of Dynamite*, complete on *An Ennio Morricone Western Quintet*, DRG #32907), and *Once Upon A Time in America* (Mercury #822 334-2). My favorite contemporary Morricone scores, *Rampage* and *Casualties of War*, are on vinyl but not yet, to my knowledge, on CD. Morricone's personal favorite of his recent scores, *The Mission* (Virgin #V2-86001), is also recommended.

My favorite contemporary scores on CD? It's quite a fruit cocktail. Aside from those listed above, they are, listed alphabetical by title:

1 **Akira** (1990, JVC #JMI-1001) A fantastic, one-of-a-kind score. Geinoh Yamashirogumi's irresistible score for Katsuhiro Otomo's seminal sci-fi anime masterpiece literally opens like a nuclear blast, subsequently building upon choral and percussion arrangements quite alien to western ears.

2 **Blade Runner** (1994, Atlantic #82623-2) Vangelis' now-classic science-fiction noir composition has FINALLY been rescued from oblivion, resurrected by the composer and interwoven with memorable (though somewhat intrusive) dialogue clips from the film. Avoid the earlier recording (still on CD) at ALL costs — the authorized Atlantic CD listed here is THE ONE TO GET.

3 **Cal** (Music by Mark Knopfler from the film *Cal*, Mercury #822 769-2) Along with Danny Elfman (of *Oingo Boingo*: see below) and Stewart Copeland (formerly of the Police), Dire Straits veteran Knopfler is one of the few pop music



composers to bring a distinctive and appropriate talent to contemporary cinema. Knopfler's done some great scores (*Local Hero*, *The Princess Bride*), and there's a fine collection of his work available on CD (*Screenplaying*, Warner #9 45457-2), but his spare, heartfelt score for *Cal* remains his finest.

4 **Cannibal Holocaust** (1995, Lucertola Media #LMCD 003, limited edition 1000 copies) No, this is not a joke; this is one of the most beautiful film scores ever composed, alternating between lush romanticism and a raw-nerved threnody. Riz Ortolani scored the notorious documentary *Mondo Cane*, complementing some of the most odious images of 1960s cinema with "More" (which won the Grammy Award and an Academy Award nomination for "Best Song" of 1962). He worked the same perverse magic for *Cannibal Holocaust*, one of the most reprehensibly explicit of all modern horror films. Ortolani also scored *The Yellow Rolls Royce* and *Brother Sun, Sister Moon*, among others, but this is his best.

5 **Forbidden Zone** (1990, Varese Sarabande #VSD-5268) I love all of Danny Elfman's soundtracks, but Elfman and the Mystic Knights of the Oingo Boingo's debut score for brother Richard Elfman's Fleischer-Bros.-cartoon-on-acid midnight movie is a giddy delight. Elfman speed-blenders Cab Calloway, Miguelito Valdez, the Kipper Kids, and Herve Villechaize (!) into a cool whip confection. "Oi, vey, the Yiddishe Charleston!"

Artist Portfolio: Mark Bode

Mark Bode was born in Utica, New York on February 18, 1963. He is the son of the legendary cartoonist Vaughn Bode. Mark attended The Art School in Oakland, California and was a fine arts major at The School of Visual Arts in New York City. He has also studied animation and etching at San Francisco State University. His work has appeared in *Heavy Metal*, *Epic Illustrated*, *Penthouse Hot Talk*, on the cover of *Gauntlet*, in the pages of a half dozen *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* comic books, and the graphic novel, *Cobalt 60*. His most recent work can be seen in the recently-released hardcover edition of *Heavy Metal Magazine's 20th Anniversary Special*, as well as the upcoming *GWAR* comic book.

Mark is currently working on an animated movie project, *Virtual Meltdown*, with Akira Kurosawa's production company, Perfect World Entertainment. He lives in Northampton.

The following interview was conducted by Murphy on October 13.

MURPHY: Since this is our Music Issue, tell us about your story in the *GWAR* comic book.

BODE: *GWAR* is self-publishing it under their Slave Pit imprint, spearheaded by Hunter Jackson. Hunter's the creator of *GWAR* and a great cartoonist and a big fan of my dad's. We met about ten years ago when *GWAR* was just starting out, with minimal costuming although they would still kill each other and eat each other's brains (ramen with strawberry jelly). We just hit it off and have been friends since. Recently we were down in New Haven in the back of their tour bus, got baked with Matt McGuire, and came up with a great comic strip. Matt's an incredible sculptor and cartoonist, does their big rubber costumes and plays one of their slaves. The strip's called "GWAR Meets the Hunchback of Cunnilingus."

M: O-boy.

B: Yeah, this is kind of pushing it for *GWAR*. (Laughs.)

M: Tell us about the cover you've done for us. I love the

image.

B: It was inspired by cyberpunk. I love the combination of science fiction and the erotic, the latex and leather costuming like in *Skin* magazine. This particular image is androgynous, I wanted it to be intriguing. I wanted to get the feeling of this bar in New York City I go to, Mother's, where you really can't tell the men from the women. You're supposed to have a better time when you're in a dress.

M: I know I always do. Now... I've heard some people call your art sexist, while others refer to it as super-sexy.

B: Who said that? Tell me their names! (Laughs.) I don't feel it's sexist. I probably spend as much time ranking on men as I do on women.

M: What do you think you or your art represents?

B: My art represents a field that is becoming extinct, that of the underground cartoonist. My father taught me to draw nipples when I was seven years old. "Son, this is how you draw tits." And he gave me a stack of underground comics to read, telling me not to show my friends. And so this was



Matt McGuire, Mark Bode, Hunter Jackson

my childhood.

I could never read superhero comics, they never had the realness of the underground books, of the work by Robert Crumb, Gilbert Shelton, of comics of the *Freak Brothers*, *Zap Comics*. These were my friends when I was growing up. I feel like the underground now is in real bad shape. There are only a few people making a go at it today. Today you have to be a switch hitter, working both underground and mainstream, doing both skin mags and kids stuff.

M: Larry Welz (creator of *Cherry Poptart*) told me he was earning his living from painting carnival ride art.

B: Sad, isn't it? (Laughs.) He does all right with *Cherry*, though. I've done quite a few strips for Larry.

M: How do you view the Bode audience?

B: A good amount of the people into Bode are graffiti artists, or know of graffiti, or got into Bode through graffiti. There are also a lot of old-time fans of my dad's. Some ask how I can draw in the shadow of such a great man. I don't look at it that way. I believe that I was

father and son



Artist Portfolio Mark Bode

blessed to be a comic artist, and my dad gave me that gift. I feel as though I'm keeping it alive. He still lives, his worlds are still alive.

It's the family style that he taught me.

M: Tell us about your dad, Vaughn Bode.

B: He was the first to take cute Disney-like characters and blow their brains out. No one else had done it. That was in 1967. Not even Robert Crumb was doing it. My dad was incredibly prolific. His work was strong, his worlds well-developed. He definitely influenced a lot of people, like with Cobalt 60 (a strip of his I've chosen to continue). Cobalt was hanging out with all these cute characters. Cobalt was psychotic, a murderer but a hero at the same time. He knows what's right. Cobalt wears a mask to hide his face, which looks very much like his assassinated father's. Which is very similar to me. (Both laugh.)

M: Cobalt 60 is in pre-development with Perfect World Entertainment, an LA-based animation company set up by Japanese film director Akira Kurosawa. Tell us about it.

B: There are some great artists I never thought I'd be in the company of - Mobius, Druillet. Prior to this the closest we ever came to being animated was

through Ralph Bakshi, with his film *Wizards*. The Necron 99 character in *Wizards* is basically Cobalt 60 with a different name and color. Bakshi ripped us off shortly after my dad died by playing me

and my mom off of each other. He was our first big shot at getting animated. Things got straightened out after we brought in George Lucas' attorney. Kinda like bringing a big cannon into a room and aiming it at your foe (laughs). But now we have Akira Kurosawa, who's like a god to every Hollywood director, so even if this thing doesn't happen we'll at least have had the honor of working with Kurosawa and of being paid option money.

M: What was your childhood like?

B: Both my father and my mother were very liberal, very open sexually, I learned about stuff way before most kids did and I felt comfortable with it. Which is why I could be raised by somebody like my father, who was a transvestite cartoonist. It was the norm for me, my dad being in a dress, and looking beautiful.

M: Oh, Versace today, dad? (Both laugh.) When I was a kid I met your dad at a comic book show in Boston and I found him so... erotic.

B: You question these things and leave them alone. All I needed was the correct answer. It was like, "Dad, you're a fem." And he'd say, "Gee, thank you son." (Laughs.) That was the correct answer. It was always lighthearted and natural. He was a nice and inspiring person. I still have dreams about him.

M: Continuing your relationship in your dreams?

That's wonderful, I have a relationship like that too.

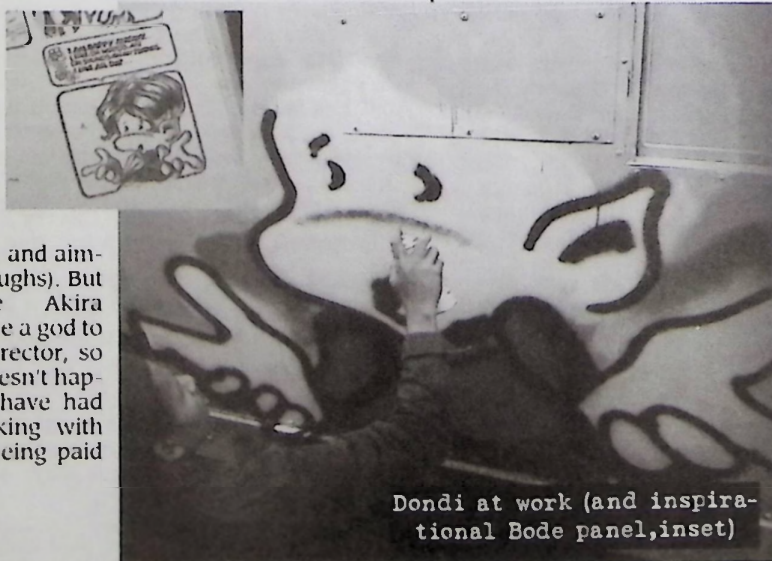
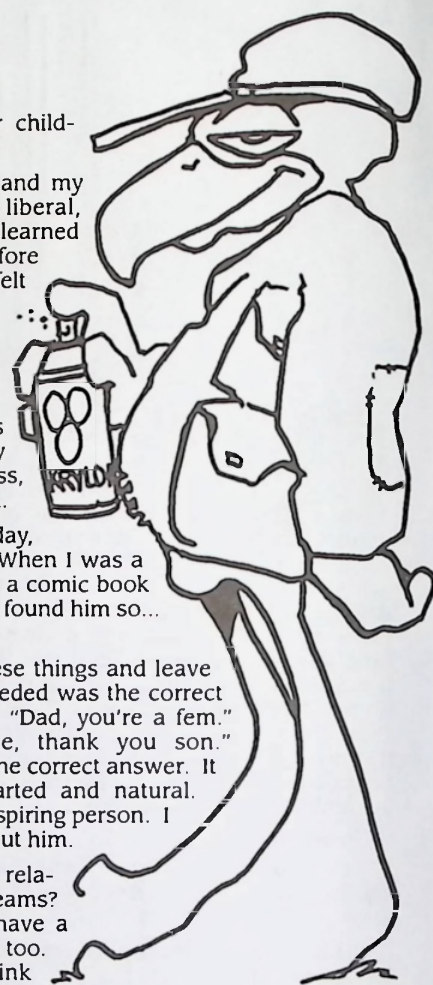
How did the link between Bode and graffiti artists develop?

B: Through the graffiti artist Dondi. He was the first one to do Bode characters on trains in New York City. That became the shit. So everybody else starting doing it; you had to do a Bode or Bode-like piece to be in the Old School.

M: The comics industry (and by extension, the work of comic artists) seems as ghettoized as ever these days yet

your and your dad's work easily and often steps outside this ghetto, with your work appearing in galleries, on skateboards, on the cover of *Gauntlet*, and so on.

B: That's because Bode has become an icon. And I've been lucky enough to meet the right people at the right time. It's like some plan, like some greater scheme. Mark and family are going to starve for a little while, then there's gonna be some whomping big checks, then Mark's gonna starve again. (Laughs.) But I'm



Dondi at work (and inspirational Bode panel, inset)



a Bode tattoo

here from San Francisco?

B: To join Kevin Eastman and the clan of... losers. (Both laugh.) We all had stars in our eyes and pure hearts. It surely was quite the ride and I'm glad I came out here. There are more artists out here, more activity, at least outside of L.A. And New York's the publishing capital and it's only three hours away. If you can make it there...

M: ...you can make it anywhere.

B: Fuck that! (Laughs.)

M: You've recently become a tattoo artist. What's it like to go from the one medium, paper, to the other, skin?

B: I find it really challenging. To do a perfect circle on skin is nearly impossible but you do it the best you can. So I'm getting used to carving out those perfect circles. Gotta keep thinking "No mistakes, no mistakes... or this guy is gonna kill me." Now when I go back to working on paper I carve and make less mistakes. It has definitely helped me become more of a perfectionist.

M: What made you become a tattooist?

B: I met and became friends with Al (Tattoo Al) Valenta. He encouraged me. There were a lot of people doing Bode tattoos and not doing too good of a job. So it was like anything else. I had gotten into graffiti and spray can art after seeing people doing Bode stuff, some doing great stuff, some doing terrible stuff. So with Al's encouragement I pushed myself. Now my art causes pain. People cry over my art. (Laughs.) I tattoo out of The Edge in Enfield working with a great team of tattooists.

M: What kind of music are you into?

B: Well, I've been a musician for about fifteen years. I started out as a belly dance drummer and so got into ethnic music, especially once I met my wife Molly, who's a belly dancer. She started opening my ears, taught me about Salsa, Merengue, Moroccan. I don't know how I grew up emulating Jerry Lee Lewis. (Laughs.) I don't know how I wound up idolizing him, he's an asshole but I always liked the cockiness of his playing. It got me into playing piano. And now I'm playing accordion; a keyboard I can take with

doing all right, it's always a roller coaster ride being a cartoonist. Like being a musician. I'm keeping it alive.

M: What brought you out

me and play with my friends Mark Herschler, Ed Vadas, and Loose Caboose. Lately I'm into Portishead.

M: As a Fan Boy I have to ask you: Are there any traditional superheroes that you'd like to work on?

B: I toyed with that idea a little bit and unfortunately I got burned. It was Iron Man.

M: What would the Bode Iron Man be like?

B: I made him stockier, stubbier, about four feet high, really bulked out with huge feet. Kind of with an "in your face" kind of stance. The people at Marvel loved it. Rick Veitch was going to write it. It was Iron Man meets Venom, where Venom infects Iron Man's robotic suit, with Tony Stark stuck inside it. Venom starts killing people, biting their heads off and doing all this nastiness, with Stark trapped helpless inside. Marvel took the premise of Iron Man meeting Venom, did their own story, and never called me back.

M: Fuckers did the same to me, ripping off my Captain America meets Deathlok premise about ten years ago. What are you currently working on?

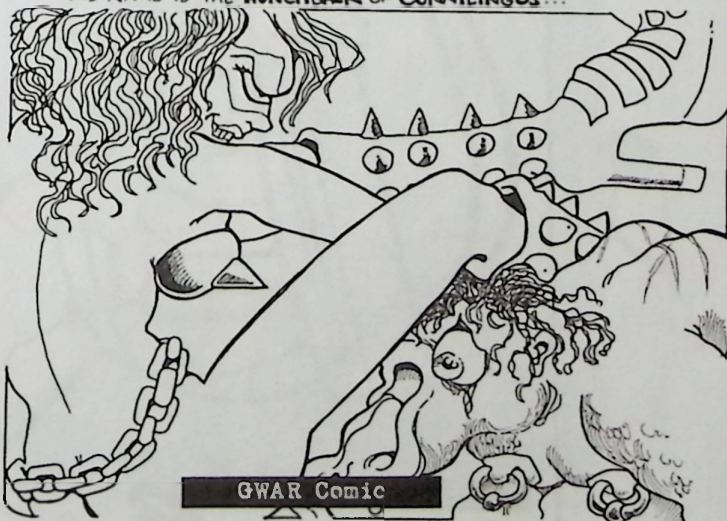
B: Project 7 is something I'm working on with a local martial artist, Adam Sloat, who has proven himself to be a very talented science fiction writer. It's about a handicapped little girl who is protected by an android called "7." The little girl

has the ability to turn violent characters into peaceful ones. But there are times when she can't do it, and that's where 7 comes in, to protect her. The girl is the Messiah.

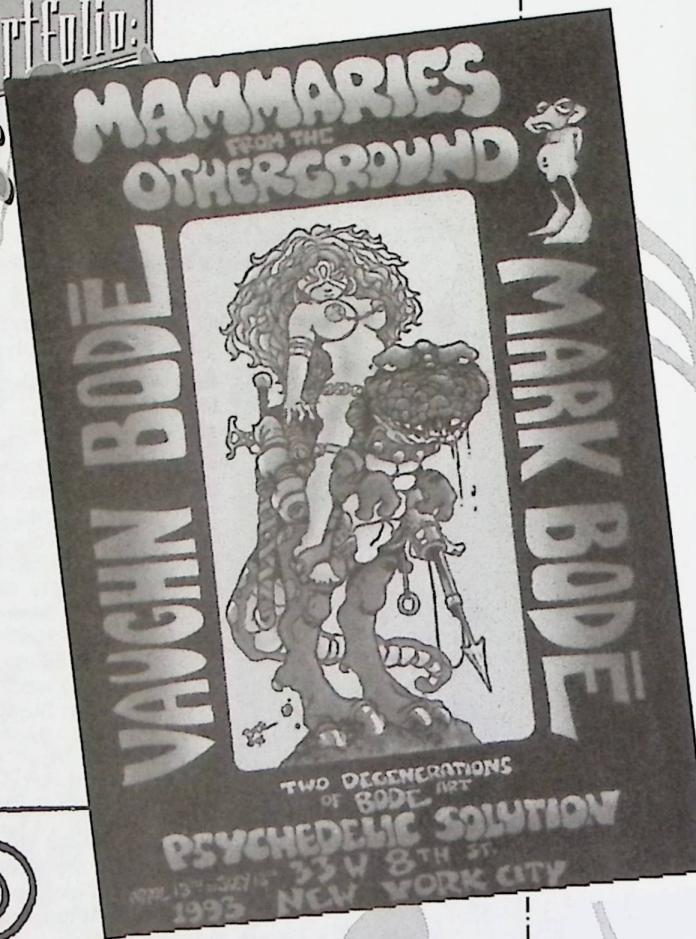


Cobalt 60

SLYMINSTRA RECEIVES HER SLAVE OF A THOUSAND YEARS
HIS NAME IS THE HUNCHBACK OF CUNNINGLUS...

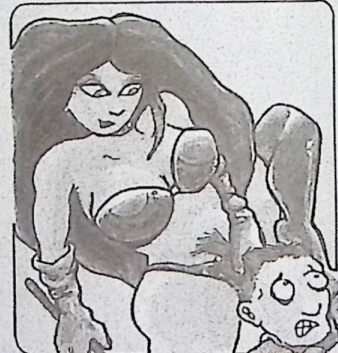


GWAR Comic



YOU WILL LEARN THAT
I AM THE RED HEAD IN
THE WORLD OF EROTICA!

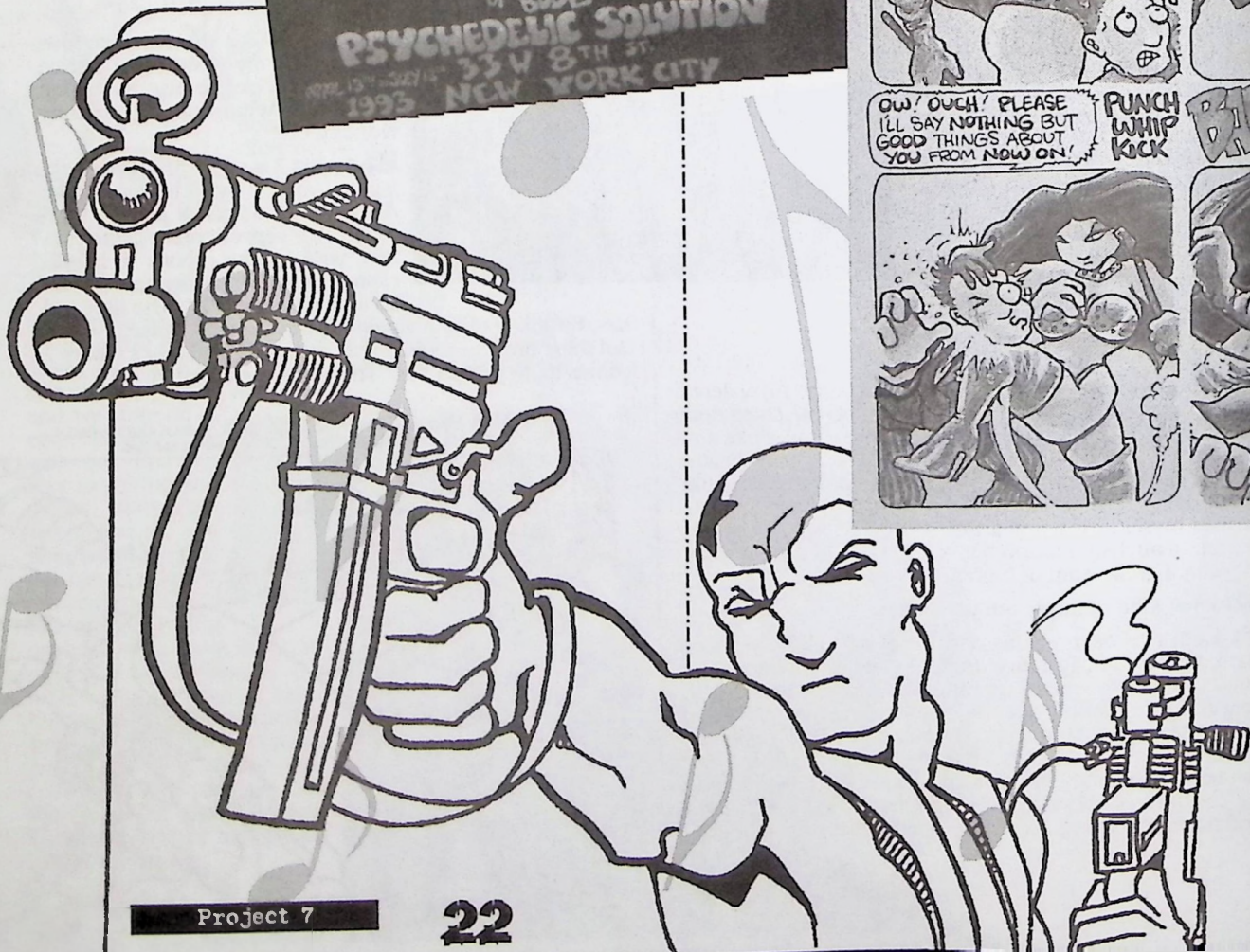
I DIDN'T
I SAID
BACK!

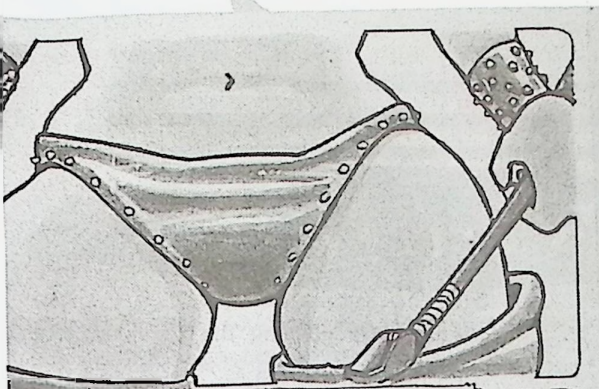


OW! OUCH! PLEASE
I'LL SAY NOTHING BUT
GOOD THINGS ABOUT
YOU FROM NOW ON!

PUNCH
WHIP
KICK

BAF!





IT MEAN WHAT
I TAKE IT ALL
HONEST!

YOU FILTHY WORM, YOU
WOULD GO BACK ON
YOUR OWN WORDS
WOULDN'T YOU?!

WAP



YOU COMIC CRITICS
ARE ALL ALIKE SCATHING
MINDLESS BACK STABBIN'
TWERPS!

NOW, WORM, YOU WILL RESITE
THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE
FROM BETWEEN MY LEGS
"MUMBLE MUMBLE"



Gauntlet magazine cover

MARK
BODE
FIRST DRAWING
OF IRON MAN
02/19/83



Bode's Iron Man

clubs

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC THEATRE

274 Main St., Northampton.
584-8435.

AMERICAN LEGION

63 Riverside Drive, Northampton.
584-5519.

AMHERST COLLEGE FRONTROOM

Amherst College, Amherst. 542-5773.

AMHERST BREWING COMPANY

24-36 N. Pleasant St., Amherst.
253-4400.

ANGELINE'S RESTAURANT

304 Main St., Springfield. 734-4662.

BAYSTATE CABARET

41 Strong Ave., Northampton. 584-0699.

BLACK SHEEP CAFE

79 Main St., Amherst. 253-0679.

BLUE MOON CAFE

41 N. Pleasant St., Amherst. 256-3140.

BOBBY'S LOUNGE

858 Suffield St., Agawam. 789-2647.

BOUDAN'S

1592 Main St., Springfield. 739-7900.

THE BRASS CAT

65 Cottage St., Easthampton.
527-4085.

BREAKER'S BILLIARDS

1270 Memorial Ave., W. Springfield.
736-6834.

CABOT STREET PUB

66 Cabot St., Chicopee. 594-8336.

CADY STREET CAFE

82 Cady St., Ludlow. 547-8989.

CARLO'S PUB

258 Exchange St., Chicopee. 598-8727.

CAT'S ALLEY

232 Worthington St., Springfield.
734-0554.

CAFFEINE'S

254 Worthington St., Springfield.
788-6646.

CINDY'S

362 Cooley St., Springfield. 782-0797.

CLUB MEADOWS

621 N. Main St., E. Longmeadow.
733-7290.

CLUB METRO

492 Pleasant St., Northampton.
582-9898.

CLUB 21 GRILL

62 Turkey Hill Road/Route 21, Belchertown.
323-4118.

DISC Reviews

BJORK: Homogenic (Electra)

There's no doubt Bjork is unique. Her growling girlie voice is one of the most recognizable in the world of modern rock music, as is her image of sultry space elfin. Her musical output, however, is becoming increasingly ordinary. It appears her carefully crafted visual self-representation has begun to supersede her talent.

Homogenic is a surprisingly brief collection of cuts that further explore

late 90's pushing the boundaries of electronic dance along with Tricky, the Chemical Brothers and Massive Attack.

Homogenic is the latest in a steady stream of solo releases since the 31 year old left her springboard band, the Sugarcubes, back in the earlier 90's. This new disc while the weakest of these releases still has it's moments. When Bjork is angry she's at her best, as on the sinister "Bachelorette" with it's swirling cinematic orchestral arrangement or the vindictive "5 Years" pricking with nervous static beats as Bjork belts out lyrics like "I'm so bored with cowards/Who say they want/Then can handle...love" and later on "Alarm Call" which thumps along happily as she sneers "I'm no fucking Buddhist, but this is enlightenment."

However, when compared to '95s breakthrough Post, this disc feels cold, unapproachable and ultimately, boring. Here her voice, once bursting with spontaneous energy, sounds programmed and mechanical next to industrial synth beats on "Pluto" or hopelessly trapped within the matrix of "Joga" or "Immature." Much of the musical subtlety of earlier efforts is also gone. True, there are a few random noises sprinkled in... A woozy accordion, bird noises, chiming bells but the album is mostly dominated by inhuman beats, matched only by strings and Bjork's voice. The

whole exercise feels labored, void of any of her previous freshness and humor.

Not a wholly unpleasant album, Homogenic is an interesting failure. If Bjork is to continue on her quest to merge her love of techno into the more traditional pop song structure, she'll



Bjork's growing obsession with pairing clubland techno beats with more human, natural musical elements. This pursuit has always been intriguing, ever since 60's psychedelic when electronic keyboards became commonly accepted as the fifth element in the make up of a rock band. Bjork is one of the most influential artists of the

need to re-evaluate how best to use her banks of machinery and gadgetry so as not to lose her quirky charm.

-Stuart Bloomfield

MOLOKO

Do You Like My Tight Sweater?

(Warner/Echo)

So if you agree with the above Bjork review, but are still looking for somethin' a lil' weird... somethin' a lil' dancey. Try this, Moloko's debut release, on for size. It's a truly strange



fusion of (among other things) stylish Euro-dance cuts, vampy ballads, freakish cartoon samplings, and B-movie camp.

A band consisting solely of instrumentalist/sample-master, Mark Bryden and vocalist, Roisin Murphy. The duo's take on dance music is one that is constantly surprising, challenging, and at times, quite funny. As the PR goes, the two met in a club in Britain, when Murphy approached Bryden and asked him the question that now appears as the album's title. Whether or not it's true, the tale reflects Moloko's smirky smart-ass feelings towards sexuality, as well as towards making their music.

...Tight Sweater is a lengthy affair, clocking in at over an hour. It

covers lots of territory but somehow manages to center on Moloko's greatest asset; Murphy's vocal talents. She has an unnerving ability to bend her vocal personality to perfectly fit the mood of each song. Be it when she's portraying a demanding disco diva on "Fun for Me," a throaty Grace Jones on "Dominoid," a street smart sophisticate on "Ho Humm," a party weirdo on (guess...) "Party Weirdo," an absurdly paranoid maniac on "Killa Bunnies," or a smooth slo-molasses MC on "Where Is the What..." Murphy slips in and out of various stereotypical dance floor personas with ease, while adding a few more of her own to the lexicon of styles.

What's coolest about Moloko is their lack of pretentiousness this is supposed to be fun, nothing more. Hell, it's dance music... Get up and grind.

-Stuart Bloomfield

COMET GAIN Sneaky

(Beggars Banquet/Wiiiiji)

Here's a recipe for fun the whole family will love! It's the sophomore effort from Britain's Comet Gain.

1 cup Paul Weller Jam (circa Sound Effects)

1 Sea Monster courtesy of the Wedding Present

1 of Dexy's Midnight Runners

1/2 cup of Heavenly cuteness

1 heaping tbsp. Joe Strummer warmed and sobered

handful of Sebadoh punk

dash McCarthy political subversiveness

dash Huggy Bear DIY ethic

pinch of Specials ska horns

1. Preset stereo to loud.

2. Beat vigorously together Jam, Monster and Runner to form poppy musical base. Let it sink in. Swirl vocal elements of Heavenly and Strummer into mix (be careful not to

CHAPIN MUSIC HALL

Mount Holyoke College, So. Hadley.

COMMON GROUND RESTAURANT

25 Elliot St., Brattleboro VT. (802) 257-0855.

DADDY-O'S

296 Worthington St., Springfield. 733-8300

EL CID LOUNGE

1002 East St., Ludlow. 583-6729.

FAT CAT'S NIGHTCLUB

232 Worthington St., Springfield. 734-0554.

FIRE & WATER CAFE

5 Old South St., Northampton. 586-8336.

GERALDINE'S

1519 Elm St., W. Springfield. 736-3786.

HADLEY PUB

208 Russell St. (Route 9), Hadley. 586-3880.

HAVANNA CUBAN RESTAURANT

Route 63, E. Longmeadow. 733-1509.

HILL PUB

755 Liberty St., Springfield. 827-7862.

HOFBRAUHAUS

1105 Main St., W. Springfield. 737-4905.

HOLYOKE COUNTRY CLUB

Route 5, Holyoke. 533-9159.

THE HUKU LAU

705 Memorial Drive, Chicopee. 593-5222.

INFINITY

1393 Liberty St., Springfield. 731-9329.

IRON HORSE MUSIC HALL

20 Center St., Northampton. 586-8686.

IVANHOE

1422 Elm St., W. Springfield. 736-4881.

THE KEG ROOM

87 State St., Springfield. 781-3992

LAVA LOUNGE

Club Metro, 492 Pleasant St., Northampton. 584-1321.

LOUIE B'S

Point Grove Road, Southwick. 569-3466.

METROZONE

10-12 Stearns Square, Springfield. 781-4509.

MIKARA'S

270 Cooley St., Springfield. 796-7127.

MOLE'S EYE CAFE

4 High St., Brattleboro VT. (802) 257-0771

MOOSE CLUB

Greenfield. 773-9030.

NO NAME BAR & GRILL

10 Fiske Ave., Greenfield. 774-7878.

THE PARAMOUNT THEATRE

1700 Main St., Springfield. 734-5874.

PEARL STREET NIGHTCLUB

10 Pearl St., Northampton. 584-7771.

PEOPLE'S PINT

24 Federal St., Greenfield. 773-0333.

PIONEER VALLEY BREW PUB

57 Taylor St., Springfield. 732-BREW.

THE RAIN FOREST

37 Elm St., Westfield. 572-0776.

RAZZLE'S

77 West St., Springfield. 732-8181.

RHYTHM & VIEWS

10 Elm St., Westfield. 568-6670.

SANDCASTLE LOUNGE

2233 Northampton St., Holyoke. 536-5960.

SEVEN O'S

Route 116, Sunderland. 665-8788.

SILENT CAL'S CAFE

196 Pleasant St., Northampton. 587-9876.

TAYLOR'S TAVERN

238 Main St., Greenfield. 773-8313.

THE SOLUTION

84-90 Worthington St., Springfield. 736-4090.

THEODORE'S

201 Worthington St., Springfield. 736-6000.

THIRSTY MIND

19 College St., So. Hadley. 538-9309.

TIC TOC LOUNGE

286 Worthington St., Springfield. 736-9378.

TRUMPETS

450 Memorial Dr., Chicopee. 739-7311.

UPSTAIRS AT BERNADINO'S

13 Center St., Chicopee. 592-2111.

VILLA'S NIGHTCLUB

123 Main St., Ware. 967-4490.

WALKER'S GRILLE

Boltwood Walk, Amherst. 253-4040.

THE WATERFRONT

920 Main St., Holyoke. 532-2292.

WWII VETERANS CLUB

50 Conz St., Northampton. 586-3315.

XANADU'S

903 Main St., W. Springfield.

YE OL' WATERING HOLE

287 Pleasant St., Northampton. 584-9748.

over blend! These components should have the appearance of floating over the base).

3. Separate mixture into 12 neatly rolled balls. Sprinkle remaining ingredients in unmeasured fashion over each separate morsel. This random spontaneity will insure a varied, eclectic and enjoyable finished product.

4. Name each piece intriguing titles such as "Say Yes! (to International Socialism)", "Language of the Spy", "A Film by Kenneth Anger." Infuse liberally with clever lyrical elements.

5. Garnish lovingly with clean production and breezy attitude.

6. Insert into CD player, hit play and relax.

Enjoy Comet Gain's *Sneaky* as an exciting original that manages to seamlessly blend the above influences. This release serves as an excellent US primer to recent British singles.

-Stuart Bloomfield

THE SUNDAYS STATIC AND SILENCE

(Geffen)

It's been five years since the Sundays' last full-length effort, *Blind*. That release came at a time when the alternative nation was raging full-on into the mainstream. And while the album scored a minor hit with a cover of the Stones' "Wild Horses," the Sundays' airy pop became lost in the glut of major label deals.

Stealing the position of heir-apparent to Cocteau Twin Elizabeth Fraser's female pop throne from Sundays lead singer, Harriet Wheeler, was Dolores O'Riordan of the Cranberries... Instantly MTV-ready and armed with a debut containing a few infectious catchy singles, the Cranberries took the spotlight away from the Sundays and their subtler sound and style.

The Cranberries have thankfully all but vanished into near obscurity, after producing two innocuously petty follow-ups to their debut. It's no surprise to see the Sundays have returned to make another stab at the vacant crown. On this, their third release, the

Sundays sound remains familiar. Wheeler's deceptively broad vocal range complimented by drum and bass rhythm section and co-songwriter/guitarist David Gavurin's unique jangly strumming. In places on *Static...* they've added delicate colorings to this formula, such as the warm orchestral accents on "Cry" or the wiry noise blasts of "Another Flavour."

Wheeler has grown as a lyricist, displaying more sophisticated and matured writing than on previous efforts with this ballad-heavy collection of love songs and childhood memories. Her lyrical refinements are a blessing on tracks such as the album's lead single, a brilliantly sunny, "Summertime" or the plaintive remembrance, "Folk Song." The impressive "Monochrome" is also a high point, a quiet recollection of watching the '69 moon landing on television.

But at other times, the disc's suave lyrical thoughtfulness seems strained in attempt and perhaps a little timid in scope. Compositions like "Leave this City" or "Your Eyes" feel bogged down in their own melancholy and underdeveloped in emotional impact. Compared to their amazing '89 debut (*Reading, Writing and Arithmetic*) with it's jarring, at times unnerving, lyrical imagery butting abruptly against Gavurin's carefree guitar pop structures: *Static...*'s elegance can be just that... static.

However, as usual with the Sundays, the sweetness of Wheeler's voice can smooth over these duller moments, while *Static...*'s glorious high points are as good as their earlier bests ("I Kicked a Boy" or "Hideous Towns"). Whether the Sundays will receive long overdue notoriety with this disc is anyone's guess, but I'm hopeful for them. A worthwhile purchase with slight reservations.

-Stuart Bloomfield

INGRID SCHROEDER Bee Charmer

(Warner UK)

Coming off sounding like a cross between Sade and a slightly brighter Portishead, Schroeder's is an interesting new voice in the music world. With loose ties to fellow Brits,

olodie and Howie B., as well as to the Cypress Hill crew, she definitely has friends in the right places.

Bee Charmer isn't as brooding as Portishead, but it's dark jazz atmospherics are bound to score points with their fans. Cypress Hill's DJ Muggs produces several cuts. The pair make strange bedfellows, but the combination works. Muggs gives **...Charmer** an edginess that is needed (check out **Not A Day Goes By** with its smoky keyboards and conga rhythms or the jazzy scratching on the single "Paint Your Blue"). Otherwise it feels like Schroeder could slip too easily into adult contemporary radio fluff.

As it stands the disc is a solid album, played best bass-heavy in a dark room.

-Stuart Bloomfield

MICK TURNER Tren Phantasma

(Drag City)

Best known as 1/3 of Australia's Dirty Three, Mick Turner's first solo release is a somber elegant instrumental trip. As with D3's output, **Tren...** is absent of vocals, concentrating mainly on Turner's guitar work, accented at times by harmonic, organ, or Jim White's delicate drumming.

Turner dwells for the most part in quieter corners and shadows of areas familiar to D3's, rarely entering into rock 'n' roll territory. As a result **Tren...** has more in common with one of Morricone's spaghetti Western soundtracks, or Dylan's Pat Garret and Billy the Kid instrumentals.

The disc brevity is ideal, letting the nuances of the tracks not be forgotten by the album's close. Beginning with "Ray," through to "Echidna," **Tren...**'s opening is simply beautiful. An easy disc to miss in its austerity and melancholy, but one worth paying attention to.

-Stuart Bloomfield

VMA

STONE COYOTES CHURCH OF THE FALLING RAIN

(RED CAT RECORDS)

The Stone Coyotes are a rock n' roll three-piece who hail from Greenfield MA. The trio have performed in the area since the early 90s and have released four albums in that



time on their own Red Cat Records Label. Their new release, entitled **Church of the Falling Rain**, exemplifies the trio's ability to rock without relying on total distortion or the gimmickry of morbid subject matter.

The songs on the album are smart and upbeat pop-tunes that are truly a lot of fun. The first track on the album, which is also the title track, is reminiscent of the big rock stylings of Joan Jett. The forceful guitar of lead singer and guitarist Barbara Keith seemingly echoes and propels the song forward.

The band's style is without a doubt derived from the best elements of classic rock. Keith's guitar ranges from Hendrix to Jett, and her vocals at times recall Grace Slick, prior to Starship. Their music is self-aware but not self-conscious as Keith sings her stories and vignettes with evident confidence and clarity. The Stone Coyotes are already a favorite of many in the Valley and in their other frequent haunt, Los Angeles. Their album can be found in local record stores or directly from their label at: Red Cat Records, PO Box 1006, Greenfield, MA 01302.

-Dave Burruto

DRUNK STUNTMEN Taking My Pee Pants Off

(Chunk Records)

The Drunk Stuntmen are the successor band to former Valley staple Soup. The sextet changed their name after returning from a national tour when they discovered several other bands with the same name. They have just finished recording material for their first release under their newly assumed alias. The release, entitled **Taking My Pee Pants Off**, is proof the band has only gained a step despite having a new name. The rambling, blues, rock, and country fusion album is filled with precious gems and diamonds in the rough.

Arguably one of the best songs on the album is the second track, "Retainer." The song is a western swing inspired tune complete with steel guitar and the Patsy Kline-like vocals of guest singer Kay McKinstry.

Many of the songs have a little Bob Wills woven into the melodies as the Drunk Stuntmen incorporate a wide range of instruments into their mix. The steel guitar of Alex Johnson at times defines their songs, providing the Western sound, where in other tunes it is only an interesting subtext floating below its electric cousin. The album also features a Hammond B-2



The Drunk Stuntmen find inspiration at Pop's Variety, Northampton.

organ that the boys recently acquired which has added harmonic layers to already dynamic music. All sorts of sounds can be heard on this album and the Stuntmen pull it off with style. For Soup fans, **Taking My Pee Pants Off** will be a pleasant Thanksgiving treat.

-Dave Burruto

M.U.S.I.C. COMPILATION, Volume Two (Pinehurst Records)

Musicians Unity Supporting Innovative Creativity is a Springfield-based coalition of local musicians dedicated to garnering recognition of area artists performing original music. The coalition have been in existence for about a year and a half and have produced two compilation CDs.

The second installment, entitled appropriately enough **Volume Two**, includes 18 songs by 12 different bands and solo artists. Some of the bands featured on the CD include O2TANGO, the Donut Kings, Lascivious, and Wrong Answer. The bands, and their songs, represent a wide array of styles and offer something for many different tastes. While not all of the selections on Volume Two are radio friendly there are some possible crowd pleasers. Notable bright spots include the Dead Kennedy-esque "Dad's Desoto" by the Donut Kings and "Two Towns" by O2TANGO.

There are two selections from the Donut Kings, both of which represent the band's sense of wit and at times striking similarity to the Dead Kennedy's minus the sharp political commentary. In contrast to the Donut

Kings, O2TANGO's sound is akin to Paul Simon's soulful narratives of the ordinary. The variety of musical styles also stretch to metal ballads such as that of Question Sanity with their song "Shadows in the Night." The varied collection of songs on **Volume Two** is a unique window into the Springfield area scene for better and for worse. The album will be released in the area in coming weeks and will be available for purchase in local stores or directly from M.U.S.I.C.'s Pinehurst Record Label at PO Box 10446, Holyoke, MA 01041.

-Dave Burruto

James Kochalka Superstar MONKEY VS. ROBOT (Tarquin Records)

Magic Boy cartoonist and this issue's cover boy James Kochalka Superstar is back with his second full length release, **Monkey Vs. Robot**. With 30 songs totalling around 40 minutes **Monkey...** whips by, occasionally pausing long enough to deliver a half-dozen or so pop gems along the way.

Monkey... is silly, childish, bad boy-ish, innocent, funny, dumb (is a song where the lyrics turn into gargling funny or dumb? or both?) and for the most part entertaining, although all too often

songs start out strong only to devolve into repetition or disappear entirely before developing their initial ideas. Call it Musical Primitivism, the Id at work.

Standouts include 'President Kochalka' ("I wrote this song about my wife / about me too / about our life / and when I sang it for her last night she was bathed in a radiant light"), 'Keg Party' ("There's a keg in the woods and I'm not square / my folks would freak / I don't care / cuz a kiss tastes good in the cold night air / that's the hope that brought me to the keg party"), 'Twinkle Twinkle Ringo Star' ("The Beatles came down in their spaceship / the world went apeshit / just be like the Beatles and let it be"), and 'Bad Astronaut' ("The automatic pilot has been set to collide / with the fire of the sun / and no one will survive / but to tell you the truth I don't even mind / in fact I'm having the time of my life"). I honestly believe he is. (Are you?).

Monkey Vs. Robot is available for \$11.50 (post-paid) from James Kochalka, P. O. Box 8321, Burlington, VT 05402 and includes a 16 page mini-comic entitled (yup) "Monkey Vs. Robot."

- Bill Moulage

STONE COYOTES: PREHISTORY

By Dave Burruto

The Stone Coyotes are a family band comprised of a mother, Barbara Keith, a father Doug Tibbles, and a son, John Tibbles. They have played together as a family band since 1981 when John was old enough to take on the bass guitar duties. They have just released their third album since 1990, entitled **Church of the Falling Rain**, on their own Red Cat Records Label, and have fully attained the status of kin-folk-rockers. The past 16 years however, have only been the second careers for both Keith and Doug Tibbles.

Keith began her career in music in 1967 when she moved to Greenwich Village, after having attended Vassar College, where she found early success. She performed solo and as a member of the short-lived group effort

Kangaroo, with which she once opened up for both The Doors and The Who. Keith produced several singles and albums on major labels through the late 60s and early 70s, including the single "Free The People" on A&M Records. The song was later covered by such artists as Barbara Streisand and Olivia Newton John. Keith met future Doug Tibbles in 1970 when she was signed to his music production company, Artisan Lodge, by Tibbles' partner at the time.

Tibbles, the son of a former songwriter turned TV writer, is a product of the twilight of the golden age of Hollywood. His father, George Tibbles, was a musician and television writer in literally the first days of television. The elder Tibbles, in the late 40s, wrote the Woody Woodpecker theme song and also wrote the pilot for the classic television show "My Three Sons." Doug Tibbles has worked as an extra actor on both the small and silver screens. His credits include appearances in the film epic *Cleopatra* and as a stand-in double for Jim Nabors in the "Gomer

Pyle, U.S.M.C." show. It was on the set of "My Three Sons" however, that Tibbles got a chance to write a script. Throughout the 60s Tibbles wrote for numerous shows including "Andy Griffith," "Bewitched," "The Munsters," "Love American Style," "Room 222," and "Happy Days."

Tibbles left full-time television writing in 1972, when he was working on the "Happy Days" set, and settled with Keith in Los Angeles to raise his three children from a previous marriage. It wasn't until several years later that Tibbles began playing drums, joining Keith on guitar. The family band did not play their first real gig until 1987 when they were hired to play at Greenfield Community College. Since that time The Stone Coyotes have begun to realize their second careers. Their strange journey toward family rock has produced both unique music and unique lives.



Guilty Pleasures

Interesting Failures In Film Available On Video ©

Wind

[1992]

written by Rudolph Wurlitzer
and Mac Gudgeon

directed by Carroll Ballard

starring: Matthew Modine, Jennifer Grey,
Rebecca Miller, Cliff Robertson, Stellan
Skarsgård, and Jack Thompson

Every Sunday morning, when I read the Arts & Leisure section of The New York Times, I scan the advertisements of the upcoming film release for the following information: who the director is, who the writer is, who the composer is, and finally, if there will be a soundtrack available on compact disk.

For me, the film score is as important an element of a movie as is the writing, the directing, and the cinematography. In some instances, the musical composition, rather than serve as a series of cues designed to prompt the audience with a desired emotion, becomes an invisible dramatic character within the film. If you find this statement suspect - go rent Krzysztof Kieslowski's BLEU and watch/listen for yourself.

You see, I am of the opinion that the soundtrack of the musical score to a film, when made available to the consumer, becomes an aural equivalent to a historical document. It is something tangible that I can hold in my hands and play whenever the mood strikes, thus enabling me to emotionally relive the original experience of the film.

WIND, directed by Carroll Ballard [THE BLACK STALLION, NEVER CRY WOLF], was one such film, and a perfect example of how important music is to the embodiment of a movie. The score was composed by Basil Poledouris [CONAN THE BARBARIAN, ROBOCOP, THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER] and is a story about the race for the America's Cup - the World Series of yachting.

Matthew Modine [BIRDY, FULL METAL JACKET], in his best performance to date, stars as Will Parker. Parker is a young, idealistic and cocksure sailor, who is invited to join the crew of the Radiance, which has been chosen to defend the upcoming America's Cup Challenge, to be held in

Newport, Rhode Island. Shortly after their training/testing begins, Will is made skipper of the Eagle, the Radiance's "sparring" partner, and invites his girlfriend, Kate Bass, a retired match racer with a Master's degree in aeronautical engineering, played by Jennifer Grey [DIRTY DANCING, FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF], to be his tactician and the first woman ever to crew in the America's Cup. It is a difficult decision for Kate to make, as she has her own ambitions and has been offered an opportunity to work with a brilliant aeronautical designer. Reluctantly, she opts for love and agrees to stay with Will.

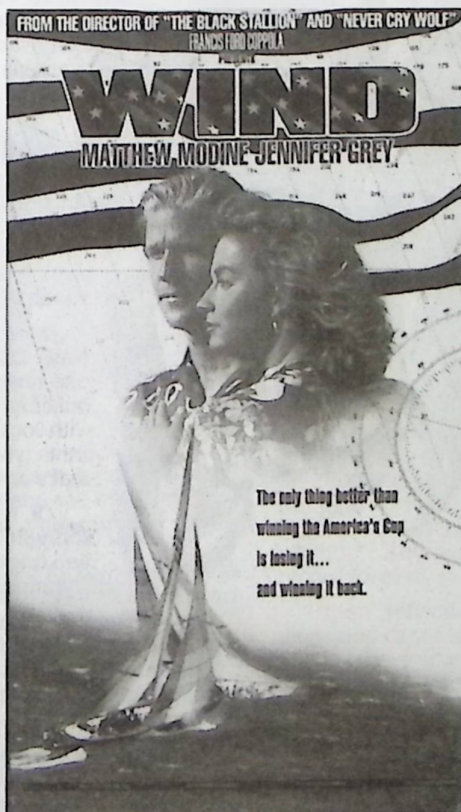
However, no sooner does Kate demonstrate her incomparable abilities, and is accepted by her fellow crewmen, that Will, at the behest of the Radiance's tyrannical owner/skipper, billionaire Morgan Weld, played by Cliff Robertson [CHARLEY, THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR], is forced to choose between her and a position as starting helmsman and tactician on the Radiance. Will is deeply conflicted. And yet, ultimately, he opts for his personal ambition over his relationship with Kate.

Kate and Will go their separate ways. And, during the final race of the America's Cup, while maintaining an impressive lead, with the finish line in sight, Will is unjustly blamed for striking a marker on the final leg. This error forces the Radiance to circle completely around it before continuing the race [as per the governing rules], causing the Radiance to lose the Cup to the Australians' entry, the Boomerang, helmed by Jack Neville, devilishly played by Jack Thompson [BREAKER MORANT]. This loss by the Americans is unprecedented in the history of the America's Cup.

Accepting responsibility for their defeat, a dejected Will departs Newport and resurfaces six months later on a private airstrip in Desert Flats, Nevada. He has come to see Kate and is immediately hustled by her new boyfriend/partner, Joe Heiser, played by Stellan Skarsgård [THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER], a self-indulgent, self-centered, and self-

serving lout, into building a competitive sailboat.

Will returns to Newport to seek funding from Weld, but Morgan, who is still despondent from his loss and is dancing dangerously close to the edge of insanity, sends Will away. However, before Will leaves the Weld's baronial estate, he encounters Morgan's rebellious, aimless, and delightfully ditzzy daughter, Abigail, played by Rebecca Miller. And, in a wonderfully



by Michael Charles Hill

continued on page 42

Of Dinosaurs and Giant Chickens

I don't know what's going on.

Lately, I've been seeing dinosaurs wherever I look. I see them crouching in the back seats of cars. I see them lurking in the aisles at K Mart. I even see them floating in my neighbor's swimming pool and sprawled across my nephew's pillowcase. In the wake of Jurassic Park and The Lost World we seem to have entered the new Age of Dinosaurs.

So recently I got to wondering if there were ever any real dinosaurs living in my home state — Vermont.

Jeff Howe, curator of the University of Vermont's Perkins Geology Museum, told me that arctic or alpine dinosaurs might have existed here. Traces of these animals are rare because Vermont's geologic conditions aren't right for preserving dinosaur footprints.

However there is ample evidence that the terrible lizards tromped through other New England states, especially along the flatlands of the Connecticut River Valley near Amherst, Massachusetts. Hundreds of dino tracks have been found, some are 150-million years old made by animals 12 to 15 feet tall.

More proof was on display at the eccentric Nash Dino Land of South Hadley. There, at one time, you could see "The World's Oldest Building" — Carlton Nash's gift shop covered with locally harvested, bolt-on dinosaur footprints (you could also get a cure for cancer, but that's another story).

Or, for a mere four dollars, you can see the Springfield Science Museum's collection of dino tracks, then check out their full size model of Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Need additional proof? Go farther south to Dinosaur State Park in Rocky Hill, Connecticut. They exhibit over 500 dinosaur footprints and more full size models: Dilophosaurus, Coelophysis, and Stegomasuchus.

More up-to-date proof came with the recent discovery of a weird crocodilian skeleton in Cheshire, Connecticut. It seems to be 212 million years old. This native New Englander lived here during the Triassic Era, predating dinosaurs by millions of years.

All that may be well and good, but what about Vermont? Being a dyed-in-the-wool Vermonter, I wanted to know what — if any — giant prehistoric animals had lived here. After all, the Connecticut River runs along our eastern border. Did ancient dinosaurs find their way this far north?

It's hard to tell; our fossil record is distinguished but,

by Joseph A. Citro

sadly, all too brief. Tiny Isle La Motte boasts the oldest fossilized coral reef in the world — going back some 400-million years. Woolly Mammoths' teeth have been found here and there. And our official state fossil is the skeleton of a white whale discovered by railroad workers in 1849.

The most dramatic dinosaurs — T-Rex, Triceratops and the long necked, vegetable chomping Brachiosaurus — didn't live here, the topography was far too mountainous for them.

But something giant, mysterious, and monumentally strange passed through Vermont and left a footprint to prove it.

The beast has never been identified, and probably never will be. Today, unfortunately, the fossil itself is gone, but its story recalls one of the Connecticut River's most baffling mysteries.

Vermont's own prehistoric curiosity was embedded in a rock that extended into the Connecticut River at Bellows Falls. Its impressive dimensions caused quite a stir in the scientific community at the beginning of the 19th century. For years the three-toed anomaly was a popular tourist attraction. Local folks loved to show it off and speculate about its origin. It consistently captured the interest of travelers, scientists, and the journalists who described it in many different publications. In his *History Of Rockingham*, published in 1907, L. S. Hayes depicts the fossil as, "... a clearly defined footprint of a huge bird of some unknown species. It was described as an exact reproduction of an exaggerated hen's track and measured" — now get this — "five feet in length." Five feet! I'd hate to run into the prehistoric chicken that foot belonged to. Anyway, this gigantic fossil could have been an especially important scientific find simply because nothing like it has ever been discovered before or since. If it still existed it might have displaced the Charlotte whale as Vermont's State Fossil.

Unhappily, this mystery, like so many others involving unknown animals, will never be solved.

Hayes's history continues, "About the year 1800, the faculty of Dartmouth College arranged to secure the curiosity for their museum. A time was set for the removal to Hanover, of the section of stone in which it was embedded."

But then human nature came into play, or at least the nature of a bunch of ornery Vermonters.



"Some unappreciative and jealous persons, learning of the plan to remove it, blew the interesting specimen into fragments, with powder, rather than have it taken from the vicinity." And in so doing they removed it from the fossil record forever.

Upon reflection, maybe this shows us why so few dinosaurs came to Vermont: in the hands of the locals they would have become extinct a lot sooner.

Joseph Citro wants to hear your stories about oddball events along the Connecticut River and in all six New England states. You can contact him through this magazine or you can e-mail him at jacitro@vbimail.champlain.edu

illustration by Eric Talbot

VMA

Daytrippers

DAY TRIPPERS

By Jane M. Falla

The Soul of the Seat

On the outside the town of Gardner, Massachusetts, is a confusing maze of downtown streets with boarded-up warehouses, triple-decker residences, and shops and storefronts that look like they got permanently stuck somewhere in the 1950s.

But the "Chair City of the World," as it was dubbed in the 1800s, is a quirky place that's worth closer inspection. Some of those old, cavernous warehouses are worth going inside, where you can wade through spaces and floors full of a rich selection of furniture from the gaudy to the glorious, traditional to contemporary.

Gardner has a rich and colorful history, too, which you can learn about by making a brief stop at the Heritage State Park Gardner Visitor's Center, located on Lake Street in the old firehouse. By 1885, the tradition unknowingly begun by James Comee, who began handcrafting chairs in his home during 1805, snowballed into an industry that encompassed 13 large furniture companies, employed 450 people and produced about 620,000 chairs annually. It eventually grew to a business that included 39 companies that produced more than 4 million chairs per year. Today, about a dozen furniture manufacturers make their home in the area, with the oldest being Nichols and Stone Co. Other manufacturers and showrooms are located in the neighboring towns of Templeton and Winchendon.

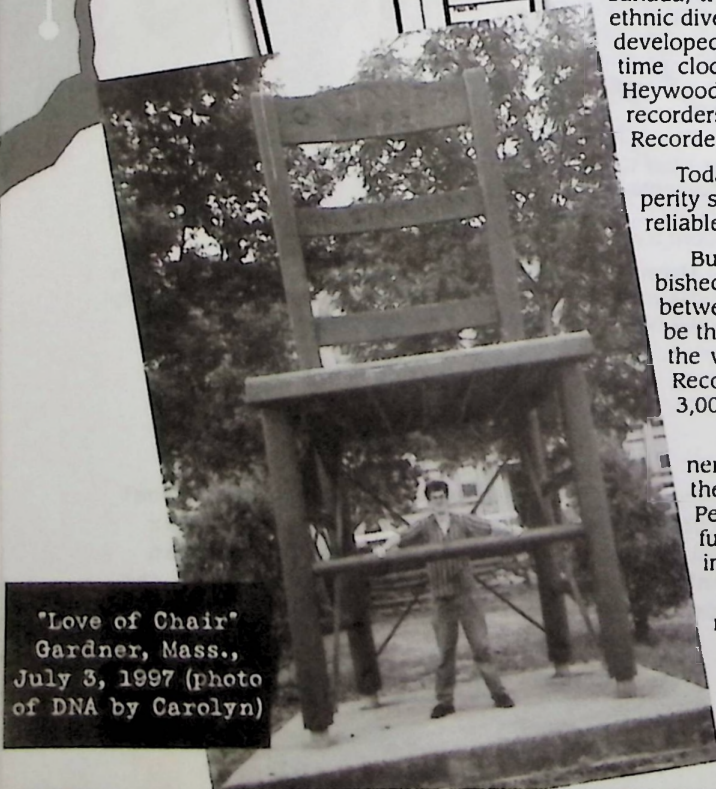
In the 1920s, Gardner attracted immigrant workers from such places as Canada, Ireland, Sweden, Finland, Russia and Poland, creating a fabric of ethnic diversity in the city. Also, other trades became prominent as the area developed, including silversmithing, ice making and pail making, and the time clock was invented by Edward G. Watkins, an employee of the Heywood Bros. & Co. chair manufacturing firm. The demand for time recorders grew large enough for Watkins to form the Simplex Time Recorder Company in the early 1900s.

Today, few remnants of those businesses and Gardner's early prosperity seem to remain, but the town hangs on and seems as sturdy and reliable as the chairs for which it has become so well known.

Buildings such as the Heywood-Wakefield Complex have been refurbished and turned into office and apartment space, but the old catwalks between buildings serve as reminders of the industry that continues to be the economic focus of the town. On Elm Street you can see one of the world's largest chairs, recorded in the "Guinness Book of World Records" in 1978. The mahogany chair, built by Leon LePlante, weighs 3,000 pounds.

Back in 1885, William Heywood spoke of the "enterprise, the nerve and the dauntless spirit" of Gardner's people that transformed the area from a rural village to a bustling, successful industrial city. Perhaps it is those same qualities that have enabled a legacy of fine furniture makers to hang on through economic depressions, changing tastes and competition.

Whether you need furniture or just appreciate fine furniture making, a trip to Gardner reminds you that chairs are more than just objects on which to sit. Stop in and sit a spell. There's an art in chair making, just as there is an art in relaxing in a cozy chair.



"Love of Chair"
Gardner, Mass.,
July 3, 1997 (photo
of DNA by Carolyn)

Go Ahead

To get to Gardner, drive on Route 202 north to Route 2 east. The furniture factory outlets can be found primarily off of exits 22 through 24 in Gardner, and the trip takes about an hour from the Amherst area. You can also visit Templeton and Winchendon, which you can get to from Route 2 or from Routes 101 or 202. The best advice I can give is to start your day trip at the Gardner Visitors Center at 26 Lake Street, where you can load yourself up with maps and brochures and take a tour through the center's informative exhibits. On occasion, the Center offers scheduled demonstrations by local artisans.

There's almost a quarter of a million square feet of showroom floors among the area's five largest outlet stores, but the shops are tricky to get to. I found the furniture selection to be well varied, with a wide range of prices and bargains. The one benefit common to all of the showrooms I visited was that salespeople were present but never intrusive. I was surprised not to be pestered by any salespeople, which made browsing a pleasant pastime.

Here's just a sampling of places to check:

Chair City Wayside Furniture Co.
372 East Broadway,
South Gardner
508-632-1120

LaChance's Gardner Furniture Outlet
25 Kraft Street, Gardner
508-632-9661

R. Smith Furniture
289 South Main Street,
Gardner
508-632-3461

Rome Sales and Warehouse Showroom
74 Sherman Street, Gardner
(In November, Rome is moving to Main Street in Gardner)
508-632-1320

Templeton Colonial Furniture
162 Baldwinville Road,
Templeton
508-939-5504

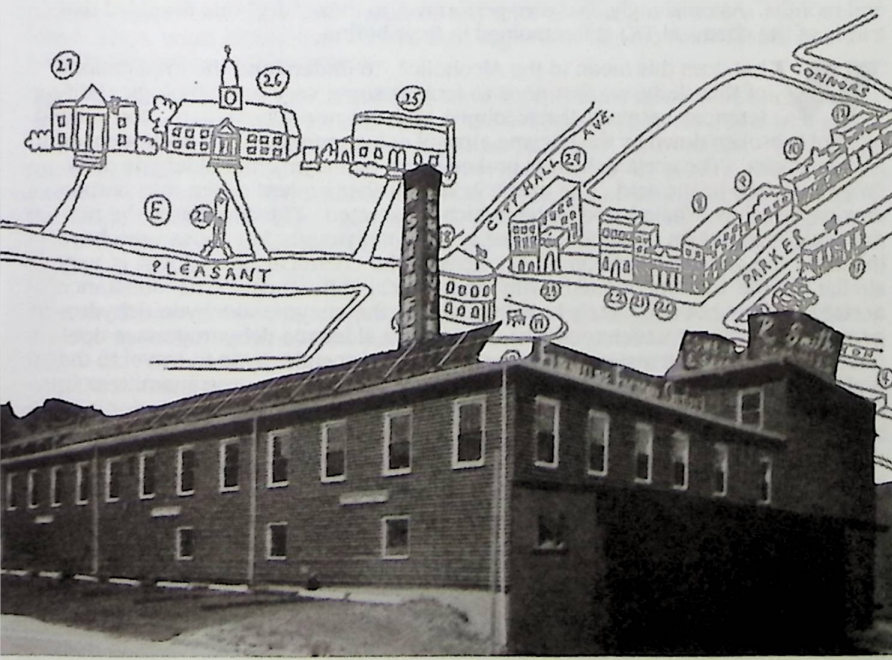
The Factory Coop
45 Logan Street, Gardner
508-632-1447

Other area stops include the Gardner Museum, a Gardner walking tour and Dunn Pond. To contact the Gardner Visitor Center, call 508-630-1497.

WORLD'S LARGEST HEY- WOOD-WAKE- FIELD CHAIR

Gardner, "The Chair City of the World," is also home to the world's largest Heywood-Wakefield chair, Bunyonesque at 20 feet, 7 inches (see photo previous page).

This isn't the first big chair that Gardner has built. The first was a 12-foot Mission in 1905, then a 15-foot Mission in 1928. Next was a 16-foot Colonial Hitchcock in 1935. The current Heywood-Wakefield was built in 1976, stands 10 feet wide and 9 feet deep, and for a year was considered the world's largest. (That distinction now goes to a 33-foot-tall office chair built by the Millers Office Supply Company of Anniston, Alabama.)



Turkey • Slovak Republic • Tunisia • Greece • Argentina • South Korea • Morocco • Egypt • Portugal • China • Vietnam • Ecuador • Chile • Czech Republic • Hungary • Poland • Taiwan • Mexico • Thailand • Indonesia • Uruguay • Japan • Finland • Romania •



American English Programs of New England
(located in Sullivan Square)
Full-Time International TEFL Certificate Courses
TEACH ENGLISH OVERSEAS
No foreign language or teaching experience required.
Ask about our Early Bird Scholarships
<http://www.crocker.com/~eftworld>
American English Programs of New England
17 South St., Northampton, MA 01060
(413) 582-1812
e-mail: eftworld@crocker.com

THE NURSE IS IN

by Jessica Berger,
BA, RN

The Disease Theory of Alcoholism

What you are about to explore is a founding concept still not fully accepted by the community at large -- the radical notion that there is a physiological basis for the baffling disorder called Alcoholism. There is mounting evidence to support this, "The Disease Theory of Alcoholism". Those who uphold this theory argue that contrary to what many Judges, Social Workers, Teachers, and Parole Officers may think, Alcoholism is not a character flaw. Alcoholism is a genetically inherited inborn error of metabolism. Those afflicted by this condition will develop predictable pathological changes in their neurophysiology if they even once consume alcohol. The disease is chronic, and can only be overcome by total abstinence.

To help elucidate this tenet, we need to travel back to the lab, to a time just after World War II. The pharmaceutical industry was searching for a superior pain killer. What they discovered was an astounding chemical called Tetrahydroisoquinoline (TIQ for short). TIQ alleviated pain splendidly. Nonetheless, it was withheld from the marketplace. Why? Because the comforting TIQ was found to be ten times more addictive than heroin. Consider this: ordinary laboratory rats were locked in a cage, each with a bowl of water, and a bowl of alcohol. These rats never drank the alcohol in their cage. They never drank the booze, that is, until a minuscule amount of TIQ was injected into their brains. Once TIQ was injected into the rats' brains, they immediately developed a preference for alcohol, and could not be induced to drink water (David L. Ohlms, MD., revised 1995). Subsequently, the rats were denied alcohol for several months. Astonishingly, biopsies performed on these "dry" rats revealed that traces of the chemical TIQ still remained in their brains.

What does this mean to the Alcoholic? To understand the implications of this study, we first need to look at some very basic biological differences between the alcoholic and the non-alcoholic. Normally, alcohol is broken down by the enzyme alcohol dehydrogenase into acetaldehyde and hydrogen. The acetaldehyde is broken down by the enzyme aldehyde dehydrogenase into acetic acid. The acetic acid is further broken down into carbon dioxide, which is exhaled; and water, which is excreted. This illustrates the normal, safe metabolism of alcohol for the healthy individual. For those who have inherited the genetic condition of Alcoholism, the chemical breakdown is very similar to the aforementioned, with one critical difference. The substance acetaldehyde is not completely broken down by the enzyme aldehyde dehydrogenase. It is still not understood why the enzyme aldehyde dehydrogenase does not "finish its job," but instead leaves behind "stray" acetaldehyde to travel to the brain. In the Alcoholic's brain, acetaldehyde reacts with neurotransmitters to form TIQ's and beta carbolines. Beta carbolines induce clinical depression and anxiety. The villainous TIQ's are similar to, but several times more addictive than, the pleasure producing substance found in heroin. So the ingestion of alcohol creates an intolerable situation for the Alcoholic.

The person who suffers the Disease of Alcoholism, then, is trapped in a vicious cycle. With the ingestion of just one drink, a state of depression and anxiety is induced by the beta carbolines. The Alcoholic self-medicates with another drink, which only to them, contains addictive TIQs. And the TIQs remain intrinsically bound to the sufferer's neurophysiology. Accordingly, the Alcoholic's brain is forever altered. That is why, despite the fact that alcohol may be shattering the Alcoholic's world, the alcoholic continues to drink. Once biochemistry comes into play, the martini that Mr. Johnson drinks with no problem becomes a Molotov Cocktail for Mr. Jones.

Hence, Alcoholism is NOT a character flaw. To further elucidate this notion, one can liken the Disease of Alcoholism to another disease: Phenylketonuria (PKU). American neonates are screened at birth for PKU. This condition is an inborn error of metabolism in which one is unable to metabolize the amino acid phenylalanine -- a common protein (Gorrie, McKinney, and Murray; 1994). If a baby who is born with PKU unwittingly ingests normal phenylalanine-containing foods, such as milk, the result is brain damage. In order to remain "normal," anyone who is afflicted by PKU must assiduously abstain from phenylalanine. If the Phenylketonuric patient successfully avoids the protein phenylalanine for a lifetime, then the brain damaging disease of PKU will not cripple the person who has it. However, in order to gain the motivation needed to avoid all phenylalanines, the Phenylketonuric must first know that they were born with the Disease of Phenylketonuria. So the routine testing of newborns for PKU essentially preserves the intellectual functioning and independence of the Phenylketonuric. Presently, there is no such testing for the Alcoholic.

Like Phenylketonuria, the Disease of Alcoholism is characterized by an inborn error of metabolism. This genetic defect manifests itself as the inability to fully metabolize the by-products of alcohol, specifically, acetaldehyde. If a person who is born with Alcoholism does not avoid alcohol for their entire lifetime, the by-products of acetaldehyde degrade the sufferer's neurophysiology. Alcoholism parallels the disease of PKU in that the Alcoholic can not ingest a seemingly innocuous substance without suffering neurophysiological insult. Alcoholism not only causes brain damage, such as Korsakoff's syndrome. It also induces a constellation of diseases including stroke, anemia, cardiac arrhythmia, stomach ulcers, pancreatitis, diabetes, cirrhosis, ascites, peripheral neuropathy, esophageal cancer, and more.

Who would drink a Bud hoping to choke to death on their own blood from esophageal varices? Does anyone raise a glass of wine hoping that their right leg will be amputated due to alcohol-induced peripheral neuropathy? The pathology of the Disease of Alcoholism is devastating; the societal damage incalculable. Conversely, weakness of character posits no pathos. Rudeness, envy, and greed do not unto themselves render a man legless.* Thus, were Alcoholism a mere flaw, legions of "flawed" individuals would give up the booze in a heartbeat.

Like Phenylketonurics, Alcoholics must never ingest those substances that destroy their ability for self-care. Just as there is hope for those who are born with PKU, there is hope for those born with "Alcoholism." Through total abstinence, alcohol induced neuronal damage is slowly reversible. Recovery is possible. Yet, without the benefit of Neonatal testing for Alcoholism, the future alcoholic is born, innocent of everything... including the knowledge that their entire life could lie in ruin with the ingestion of one diabolical drink.

[Reference: *Psychiatric Nursing*, Keltner, Schweppe and Bostrum, 1995.]

*If flawed Sam covets his neighbor's car (envy), then slanders his co-workers (rudeness) to increase his own salary (greed) to obtain the car, then it does not follow that Sam will develop throat cancer and die. However, if Sam was born with the inability to metabolize acetaldehyde and has a drink, then it follows that Sam will continue to drink, total his car, suffer serious head injury, lose his job, wife, home, live as a homeless man, and die in a mental institution.

Leold www.leold.com
by Roger and Salem Salloom© 1997

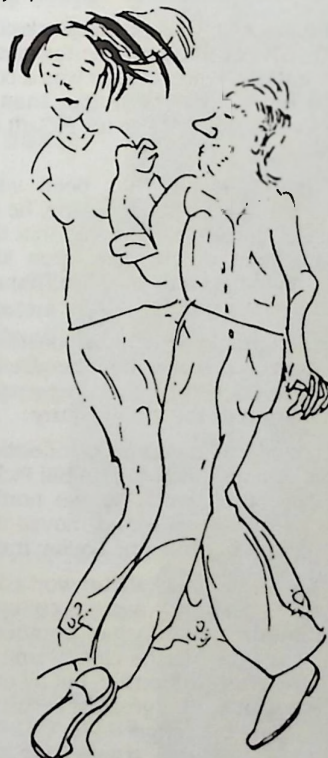
I got this friend. He's always falling in love.

He's been answering the personal ads on his computer internet. He sends romantic letters back and forth on the computer all day and night.

Now, he's in love with a girl in Ohio. He lives in Massachusetts. He has pledged marriage. He's never ever seen her. They won't talk to each other on the phone because they're afraid they'll get spooked and run away if they don't like each other's voices.....wow.

I suppose it could be worse.

All last year he was in love with a girl who turned out to be 3 guys from UCLA.



Ask Mr. Smarty-Pants?

Q. Hey, Mr. Smarty-Pants; I have seen several modern westerns in which they depict Afro-Americans as trail riders. Were there any black cowboys, or is this just political correctness?

A. Yes there were black cowboys. In fact estimates drawn from contemporary accounts of the 19th century indicate that somewhere between 25 and 30 percent of the cowboy population was of African descent.

Some sources say that it is likely that many of the Texas cowboys, before the Civil War, were black because they were enslaved Africans or the enslaved descendants thereof.

Brought to Texas from the American south the early black cowboys learned their trade from Mexican vaqueros or Indians of the Caddo tribes, who had become quite expert at handling the fractious bovines of the western range.

As unlikely as it seems, given the cultural environment of the place, there were even several black ranch owners in west Texas in the 1850s, including Aaron Ashworth, who owned over 2,000 head of cattle, the largest herd in his county.

The most famous of the black cowboys is probably Bill Pickett, who worked on the famous 101 Ranch in Kansas with Tom Mix, who actually was a cowboy - though he was said to be a better bartender than trail hand - and Will Rogers who rode backup for Pickett in the ranch's traveling rodeo.

Although Pickett has been wrongly attributed with inventing the art of bulldogging, he was a great practitioner of the sport. It is said that the cowboy would ride the steer down, leap upon its head, grab the beast's lip in his teeth, let go his hands and wrestle the creature to the ground.

Such a practice might be considered cruel by modern urban standards, but the act had crowds from Arizona to London on their feet roaring in applause at the early part of the 20th century.

Most of the blacks who rode the range were less famous and less showy than Bill Pickett. These raised and drove their cattle to the northern railheads in Kansas and Colorado and moved their herds up the Chisholm and Goodnight-Loving trails.

Many of the blacks who worked cattle in the American west were born into a slave culture, some fought for the Union in the war against southern insurrection, others served for a time in the cavalry and infantry units that protected the western frontier, but all of them eventually found that they gained the greatest respect and highest available pay by riding the range.

The really strange thing about the cowboy period is that

most of the white cowboys were from the south; many of them had fought for the Confederacy and yet they still worked alongside the black cowboys, generally amicably and for the most part without incident.

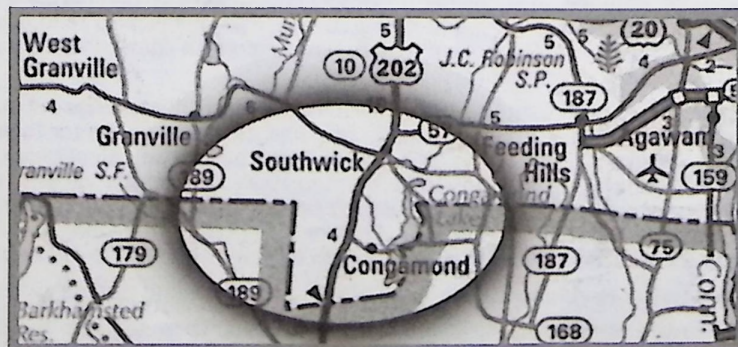
The historical annals of Dodge City, Kansas, one of the largest and most famous cow towns, include incidents in which southern white cowpokes and Texas trail bosses rode hell-bent for leather into town to lend aid to black compatriots who had run into trouble there.

In Dodge City, however, we run into a strange dichotomy that suggests that while black trail hands, because of their economic importance, were treated with great tolerance, the black population of the town itself suffered segregation and many of the same prejudices typical in the eastern United States.

Q. Dear Mr. S-P; Why does the Massachusetts border dip down into Connecticut in the town of Southwick?

A. The short answer is, for control of water and farm land. The long answer requires us to remember that Southwick, like Springfield and Greenfield, were all at one time towns in Hampshire County.

When it was originally founded, Hampshire County more or less stretched from what is now Worcester County to the



New York border, and from what is now the southern border of Vermont to the northern part of Connecticut.

In the 1600s the borders of the various plantations and settlements in the Pioneer Valley were in a state of flux and the boundaries and prerogatives of the Connecticut settlements and those of Springfield were a matter of considerable dispute. At one time the settlements in Connecticut even tried to levy tariffs on materials sent down the river to

the coast.

In the early 1700s when the area which now comprises the town of Southwick was settled the land was referred to as the Poverty Hills as it was thought to lack both good arable soils and streams.

It was believed by some in the early days of settlement that the ponds now known as the Congamond Lakes could be drained and the bottom lands used for farming. The people of Southwick even went so far as to begin building a canal to drain the lakes. The attempt was a dismal failure.

Fortunately for the people of Southwick however they developed techniques to grow both food and cash crops, such as shade tobacco, and made very effective use of what water was available.

By the time the United States was formed the area

around Congamond Lakes was under the de facto control of the town of Southwick and at that time stretched across the entire southern border of the township. Needless to say the people of Connecticut were not pleased with this arraignment and frequently acted in such a manner as would suggest that the lakes and the land around them was under their control.

The dispute over the southern spur of Southwick came to a head in 1800 when the Connecticut government demanded military service of a man named Roger Moore who lived there. Moore refused to train with the Connecticut militia and denied that the government of that state had any jurisdiction in the area.

The case was argued and finally landed in the Connecticut legislature

continued on page 42

Street Smarts

by Roscoe

Q: Name a famous musician you'd like to be or a band you'd like to be in, and why:



Greg Franceschi
Age 41
Videographer
Northampton

A: "I would like to be in my own band with friends. I want to be myself."



Roland Wager
Age 38
Teacher
Northampton

A: "John Lennon in the Beatles because he made a statement in life."



Andrew Rymer
Age 4
Pre-school student
Marlborough

A: "Rock and roll!"

Frances King
age 81
Retired sales clerk
Marlborough



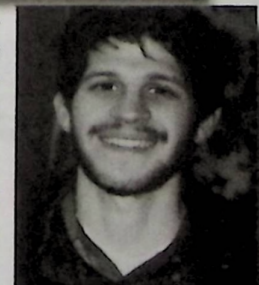
A: "Beethoven. I like classical music."



CP
15 Months
Standard
Poodle
Northampton

A: "Bow Wow Wow."

Seth Fischer
Age 29
Marketing Director
Northampton

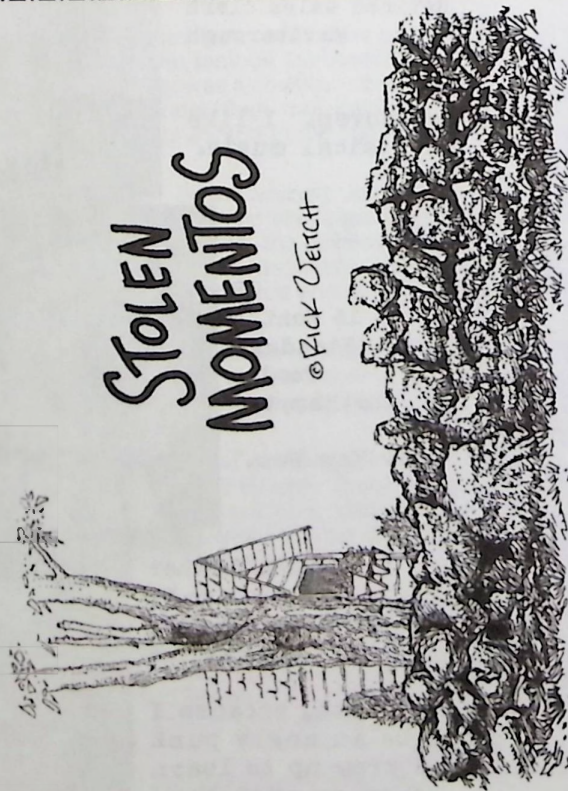


A: "The Clash, because I could be an angry punk rocker and grow up to learn from my mistakes."

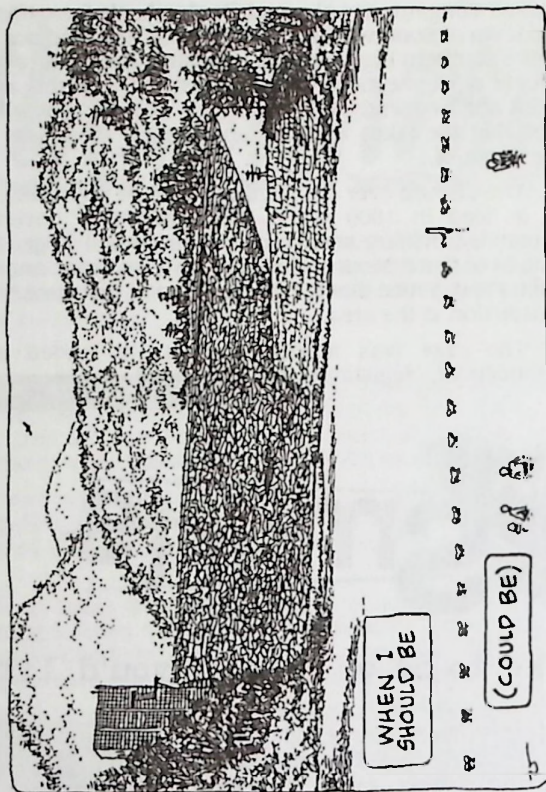
Stolen Momentos by Rick Veitch

STOLEN MOMENTOS

© Rick Veitch



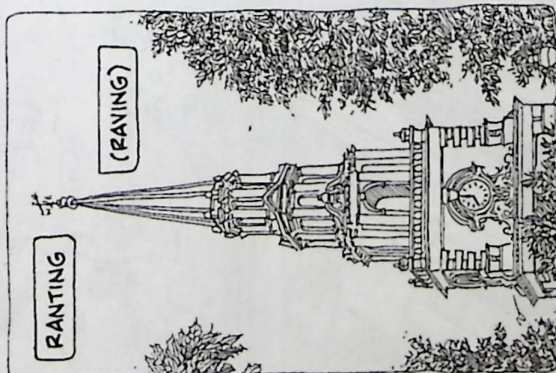
38



VMA

**6 University Drive
Amherst**

**6 University Drive
Amherst**



TO CAST MYSELF AS THE LEAD



Life On Mars by Matt Mitchell

LIFE

ON

MARS

FROM HERE IT LOOKS
LIKE A SPECK

BUT,
THANKS TO WARP DRIVE

IT CAN GET REALLY BIG
REALLY QUICK

Ooooo

Hey, where are the
brakes on this thing?!



AND SO YOU SEE MARS IS NOT WHAT YOU WOULD THINK



ITS ACTUALLY A PARALLEL PLACE: LIKE THE VALLEY IN A NIGHTMARE

OR A DREAM

Well I guess that would explain
why NASA's photos make this
place look so bleak

Jo, that smelly
bunch of cars
is closing in
on us!

Gack! They're suffocating us

We were prepared for
dust storms but we weren't
prepared for this!

AAAAAgh!

Wait, I know a
way out follow me!

Just get
around this corner!

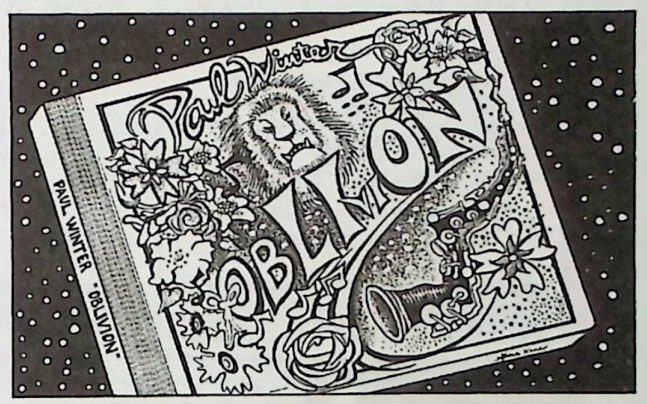
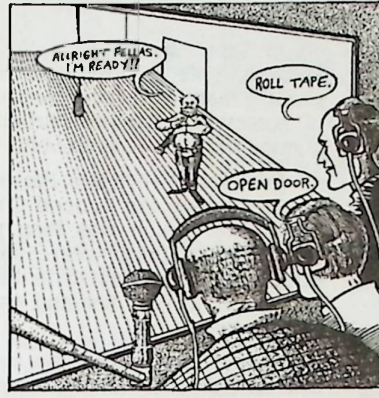
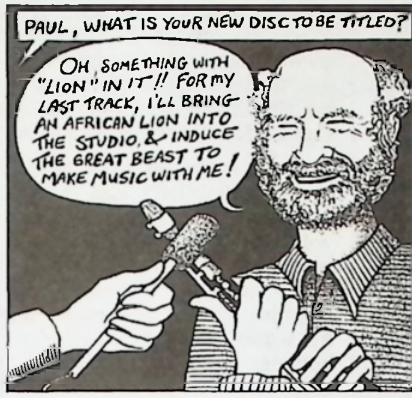
AAAh, This is a much more
pleasant place, no?

Ya, jeeze...

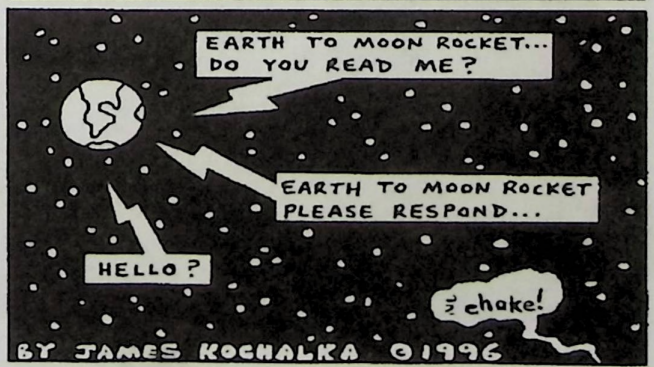
something
seems
eerily
familiar

Next issue: Hey, What's that guy with the steel drum doing here?!

A Winter in lion by Gene Kane



MAGIC BOY'S LUNAR PICNIC



Mr. Smarty Pants
continued from page 37

VMag

where a compromise was reached under which the people on the eastern side of the Congamond Lakes would join Connecticut and those on the western shore would remain citizens of Massachusetts.

Addendum to a question from issue one:

Mr. Smarty-Pants is happy to note that he has located two witchcraft tri-

als in Northampton in the 17th century.

In September of 1674 Mrs. Mary Parsons, wife of Joseph Parsons, a wealthy man in the town, was accused of sorcery by Samuel Bartlett, who blamed her for the death of his wife.

In March of 1675 Mrs. Parsons was brought before the General Court in Springfield, which was then part of Hampshire County, where sufficient evidence was presented to bring an indictment against her and have her bound over for trial.

Parsons was ultimately acquitted of witchcraft charges, and accusations against her son, who was next accused, were dropped.

In 1679 the death of John Stebbins was held to have been caused by witchcraft as his body was found to be riddled with hundreds of tiny holes "as if made with small shot." The county court took evidence in the case and sent this on to Boston, but no further action was taken.

FIERST & PUCCI ATTORNEYS AT LAW

wishes to congratulate
Murphy for the successful
launching of

VMag

concentrating in litigation,
entertainment, business and
general practice matters

64 Gothic Street, Northampton
584-8067

Guilty Pleasures,
continued from page 29

written/acted scene, explains to her how to win a sailboat race by "finding your own wind". Will convinces her to invest money from her trust fund into his dream of winning the America's Cup back from the Australians.

So, it should come as no surprise that WIND has a predictably happy ending. What's wrong with that? Nothing. Because, lurking below the surface of this saga about the world's most expensive pastime/sport, this pseudo "ROCKY on the water", is a love story. A love story between two ambitious and passionately driven people, and ultimately, it's a love story about "finding your own wind".

The creative and technical credits on this film are impeccably impressive. Presented by Executive Producer, Francis Ford Coppola [THE GODFATHER TRILOGY, APOCALYPSE, NOW], Ballard directs scenes with Modine and Grey sans dialogue that are as telling as any scenes they have with lines. His placement of the cameras onboard the boats allows the viewer to forget they are watching a film and make them feel like they are a fellow crew member. John Toll's [LEGENDS OF THE FALL, BRAVEHEART, the up-coming THE THIN RED LINE] cinematography is magnificent. He appears to have shot the entire film with little-to-no artificial light. And if you have ever read/heard any of the horror stories about the filming of JAWS and/or WATERWORLD, you know that shooting a movie on water is a monumental challenge, let alone on a 12 meter boat.

Which brings me back to Basil Poledouris. His score is a symphonic masterpiece, rich with texture and lush with — what else — wind instruments. Poledouris has even recreated the sound of the wind and incorporated it into the score as another musical instrument.

The ad copy on the video box, which paraphrases a line of Modine's dialogue, reads: "The only thing better than winning the America's Cup is losing it...and winning it back." I say: "The only thing better than watching this film...is listening to the soundtrack."

extreme body
modification
experts

professional
friendly staff

full selection
of niobium,
gold and
stainless
steel jewelry

custom order
jewelry

our piercers
have completed
full apprenticeships
with a combined
piercing experience
of 10 years

piercers:
riordon and, formerly
of the edge; ben
and penelope

LOONAR PIERCING

why take a chance
somewhere else?

413-585-1199

206 russell st.
route 9
hadley, ma

tuesday-friday 3-8
saturday 1-8
sunday 1-5

Write to us via our NEW e-mail address: VCROMAG@AOL.COM



VMAG 2 / THE MUSIC ISSUE
brought to you by:

publisher/editor
MURPHY

art director
ROB ENGMAN

music editor
DAVE BURRUTO

marketing
ETHAN BLOOMFIELD

sales manager
MARK SNOW

sales
DAVE BURRUTO
LEE FRANKEL
BECKY GEORGE

intern
STAR MacKENZIE

legal counsel
DANIEL O'CONNELL OFFNER

bookkeeping
KATIE LARKIN

accounting
LINDA SHEAR

inspiration
BRENNIVIN & IGGY

EDITORIAL

Q: What do you do when you have two excellent cover images and can't decide which one to use?

A: Use them both! Via FLIP COVERS, an old paperback and comic book marketing gimmick. Meaning half our print run has Bode art on the front cover and the Kochalka photo upside-down on back, while the other half has the Kochalka photo on the front and the Bode art upside-down on the back. (At least in theory.) Be sure to collect them both.

My THANKS this issue goes to Ethan for putting together the Jim Rose promo; to Mark, Dave and Star for running things the night of the show; to Carol and Scott for allowing us to do so; to Jim Rose and troupe for their professionalism and showmanship; to Print Shack for the great t-shirts and even greater banners; and to everyone who entered our ticket giveaway contest.

NEXT ISSUE: THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT? (A MIX)

Available December 16 wherever free publications are found



this issue dedicated to Butch and Priscilla

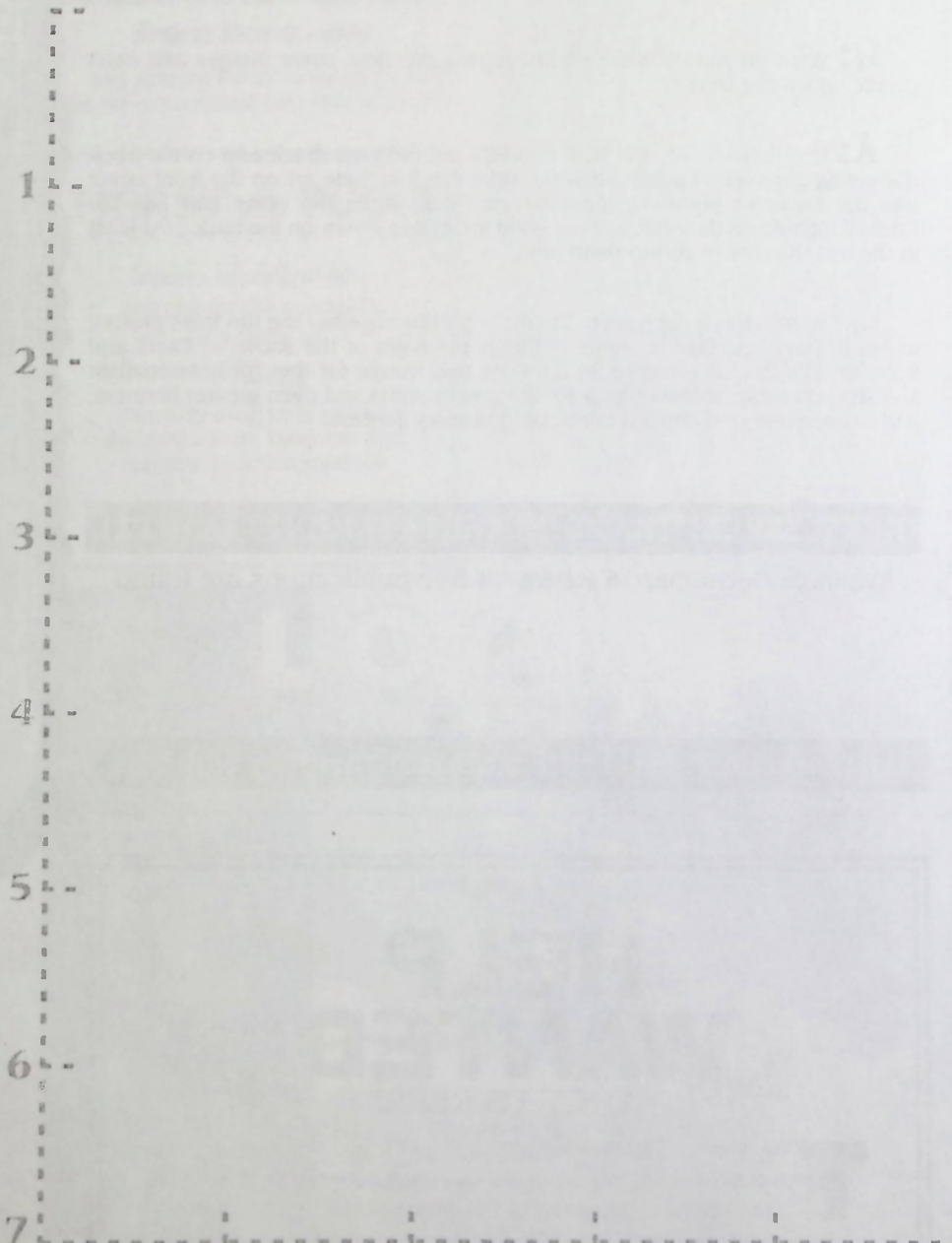
HELP WANTED

AD SALES REPS!

The Valley's fastest-growing new publication is looking for Advertising Sales Reps in the following geographic locations: Brattleboro, Greenfield, Northampton, Easthampton, Holyoke, Chicopee and Springfield. Earn 15% commission on all sales, possibly a base salary. Candidates should be articulate, outgoing and organized. Resumes and cover letters to Mark Snow, VMag, POB 774, Northampton, MA 01061.

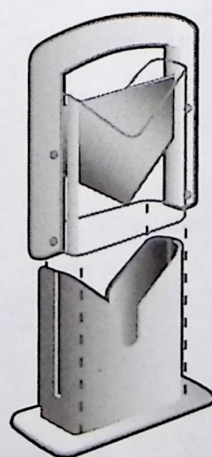
"I just need a little SPACE!"

We've all been there: You get a great idea, need to remember a phone number, have to sketch something, draw a map, write down a lyric... and there's no paper anywhere. The next time this happens, help will be as close as a copy of VMag. Through issue 13, Larien Products (a great little Northampton company) will sponsor this "creativity page." Now, when you get hit with a brainstorm or just need to put something down on paper, grab the nearest writing implement and a copy of VMag and GO WILD!



Pioneer Valley Vendors for the Bagel Biter®:

Different Drummer, Northampton. • Bruegger's, Northampton, • Bed, Bath & Beyond, Holyoke Crossing. • Brookstone, Holyoke Mall, • Lechter's, Holyoke Mall, The Chef's Shop, Holyoke Mall, • Your Kitchen, Keene, NH, • Cook's Complements, Peterborough, NH, • Brown & Roberts, Brattleboro, VT, • H. Greenburg & Sons, Bennington, VT



THE ORIGINAL BAGEL GUILLOTINE™

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

LARIEN
PRODUCTS

223 North Pleasant St.
#42 at the carriage shops
Amherst, MA 01002

>OPEN<
MONDAY - SATURDAY 12-10pm
SUNDAY 2-8pm
PHONE/FAX (413) 549-9296
WWW.GROWROOMRECORDS.COM

SKATEBOARDS
SNOWBOARDS
& CLOTHING

Widest selection of
import & domestic
vinyl, tapes, & cds
Hip Hop, House,
Breaks, Jungle,
Trance, & Techno

GROWROOM
Records



Let There Be Light and More.

Hail Mary, Superstar: Karen Carpenter Story,
I Am Curious Yellow, Cocksucker Blues,
Peeping Tom, Lolita, Cruising, Arabian Nights,
Sweet Movie, Last Temptation of Christ,
Life Of Brian, Devil in the Flesh, Baby Doll,
Last Tango in Paris, Pandora's Box, Salo,

At Pleasant Street Video:

Banned or Condemned Films Available

CENSOR NOTHING!

2

DEC
1997

UNPLUG THIS!

V
MAG

FREE!

MUSIC

Preview of
GWAR Comic
by Mark Bode

Elvis: God
of Love?

Guide to Clubs
and Record Stores

Plus: Alcoholics,
Drunk Stuntmen,
Captain Beethart,
and much, much more!

